

SICK

**SOLVES
THE
GASOLINE
SHORTAGE**

02891

40¢

JUNE

NO. 98

TV PARODY
MEDI-KILL CENTER

HILARIOUS
**SICK-STYLE
HUNT-A-WORD
PUZZLES**

**VICE-PRESIDENT
EXPOSED!**
SEE CENTERSPREAD

COMEDIAN OF THE MONTH:

MASON REESE

"The Borgasmord Kid"



MOTHERS SHOULD
BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD —
BY **ERMA BOMBECK**

BONUS CUTOUTS

NEW CONTEST



Look! Up in the sky!

It's a bird!

It's a plane!

It's Superman!

No, it's... it's...



SPEAK SOFTLY AND CARRY A BIG

SICK

No. 98

June 1974

Volume 14 Number 2

"Love is contagious . . . you get it from other people."

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GRAFFITI Of The Month	MARGINS
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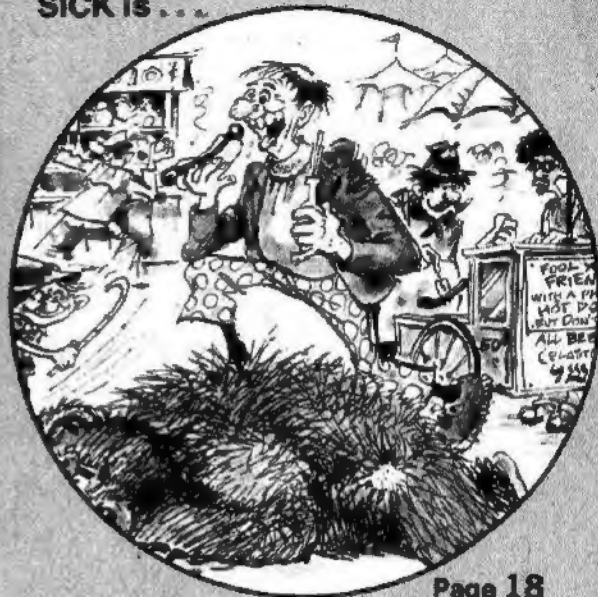
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SICK is published bi-monthly by Pyramid Communications, Inc. Editorial and executive offices, 919 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Single copy 40 cents, subscription rate in the United States and possessions \$2.40 for 6 issues. Second-Class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and all material must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Entire contents copyrighted © 1974 by Pyramid Communications, Inc., 919 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved throughout the world under the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Printed in the U.S.A.

Welcome once again, all you SICK lovers—and other minority groups . . .

SICK is . . .



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*Sickcerely
Yours:*



WE GET LETTERS

Dear Editor:

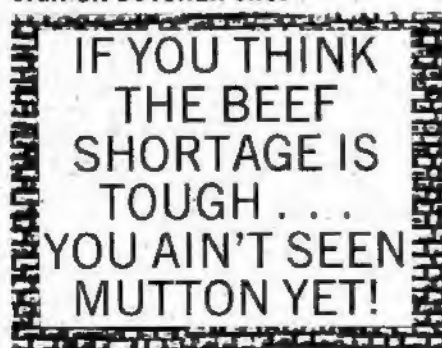
As Publishing Editor of the Peoples Journal earning a high school credit for doing research on publishing, I write this request. I need any helpful hints or information on how to publish a comic book from beginning to end. Please feel free to recommend any sources, nevermind the cost. Any freebees or SICK propaganda would be most welcome...

Tim Oldenburg
Presque Isle, Maine

ED: If we had to sum up in one sentence the ideal way to publish a humor magazine, we would suggest the following: "You must try to keep your sense of humor while you lose your mind!"

...

SIGN ON BUTCHER SHOP



After reading your recent article "Pay Toilets Are Unconstitutional" I see where we now have a toilet paper shortage. I think maybe your article had something to do with it!

Elliot Charles
Fayetteville, N.C.

ED: Yes, we scraped the bottom with that one!

...

ATTENTION READERS:

**THERE'S A
FORD IN
YOUR
FUTURE!**

... SEE CENTERFOLD

My brothers and sisters and parents and I all love Sick. I liked the part about the suntan nut who fell asleep on the beach!

Ricky Faile
Hartsville, S.C.

ED: Yes, that was a hot one!

...

In your issue #96, the article by Art Buchwald, "Football Isn't All Kicks," sounded pretty one-sided to me!

Edward Van Eckert
Merlo Park, N.J.

...

In your June edition I read your "Sickie Of The Month." It was disgusting! This is a free country and I can be any religion I want. So don't knock it until you've tried it!

Jane S.
Dineville, Mo.

ED: Keep the faith, baby, we're with you!

...

It's funny how I got your magazine. I was looking to see if they had a new MAD magazine and I saw your SICK magazine. I felt like wasting money so I got it. It is one of the funniest things I ever read. My favorite is DEAR CRABBIE. Keep publishing SICK!

Gail Sigmon
Kingston, Wash.

...

SIGN VS. BACKGROUND



(sent in by PHOEBE KASTON)

I like SICK very much and want to use the centerfold of Totie Fields. May I?

Mike George
Buena Vista, Va.

ED: Fields free!

• • •

I am writing in regard to issue #93. I am a Ford man myself and very much dislike the inside back cover of that issue. Ford has a better idea and car. Unfortunately you don't have a better magazine.

Johnny Gardner
Rocky Mount, N.C.

ED: Ralph Nader never recalled SICK.

• • •

I must take exception to a recent article you did, "Sick Looks At A Woman Driver." It shows what a bunch of male chauvinists you really are. People like you have set the women's movement back 10 years!

Lisa Wail
Bayside, N.Y.

ED: And we always thought it was a compliment—taking 10 years off a woman!

• • •



Today was the first time I read your magazine. I thought it would be quite a bore like the rest. But to my surprise it was just great. I would like to subscribe to this magazine. Please send me the details. Keep up the good work!

Betty Shekoski
Utica, Mich.

• • •

My friends tell me I look like Alfred E. Newman. I would be glad to send you a picture of myself to show the great resemblance.

Donald McKenzie
Oshawa, Ontario

ED: Send us your picture—Huckleberry wants to stick pins in it!

• • •

Glad to hear of a publication that shakes my malady. Could you send me a sample copy?

Charles Collins
Bakersfield, Calif.

ED: Sure, send us a sample 40 cents!

• • •

I saw your new numbers game, "Crazy Arithmetic," and I think it's hilarious! There should be a whole book of them!

Shelley Alhanati
Whitestone, N.Y.

ED: There will be! Watch SICK for details.

• • •

"Twas The Night Before Re-runs" (#97) was prime Wolfe! He is a comic genius, a true poet! Viva Wolfe! Viva Wolfe! Viva Wolfe!

Billy Rodriguez
Hackensack, N.J.

ED: You sound like the boy who cried Wolfe!

• • •

I got a big kick out of "Commercials We'd Like To See." You think the time will ever come when we'll actually see those commercials?

Drew Wanderman
Los Angeles, Cal.

ED: Sure, we're reprinting them in a future Annual!

• • •

Your last issue was real neat. I loved that Rube Goldberg invention you had. My father told me he remembers Rube when he was my age. He still gets a kick out of him. We'd both like to see more of those inventions!

Mark Hendley
Fargo, No. Dak.

• • •

Republicans are claiming that Nixon doesn't know the meaning of the word "quit" . . . and the Democrats are claiming that's the trouble! . . .

Washington has now become a city divided into two parts: "Who's Who" and "Who's Through" . . .

In politics today, you can be on the cover of Time one year and be doing it the next year . . .

This actually came over the boob-tube recently: "To Tell The Truth" will not be heard tonight, instead we bring you an address from the White House . . .

Speaking of "To Tell The Truth," Nixon recently went on this show and, at the end, nobody stood up . . .

Actually, the President swore on a stack of bibles that he is completely innocent. Unfortunately, the bibles are missing . . .

I leave you with one last thought: It's only a short hop between San Clemente and San Quentin!



TV REVIEW:

THIS IS A CITADEL OF MERCY WHERE, IF YOU'RE AT DEATH'S DOOR-YOUR DOCTOR WILL **PULL YOU THROUGH!** YES, MEDI-KILL-CENTER IS THE PLACE WHERE YOUNG DR. GASPAIN IS GUIDED IN THE NOBLE ART OF HEALING BY WISE OLD DR. SCHLOCKER, WHO CONSTANTLY SPOUTS THE "HIPPOCRATIC OATH".... AND A FEW MORE CHOICE OATHS...WHENEVER THE NURSE HANDS HIM THE SCALPEL THE WRONG WAY! THIS IS....

MEDI-KILL CENTER

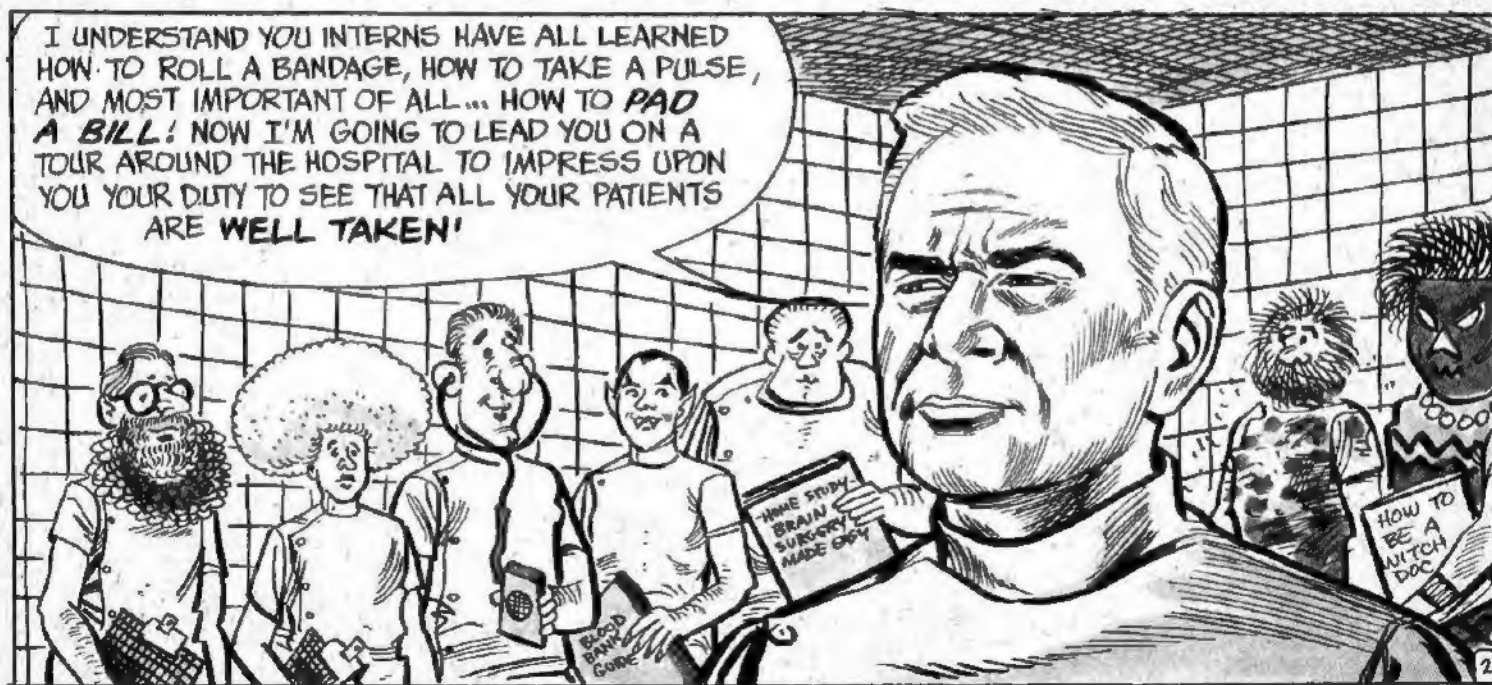
SCRIPT BY DOCTOR FRED WOLFE

ART BY DOCTOR FRANK N. STEIN



MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING—HEALTH AND HAPPINESS ARE ONE PERCENT!





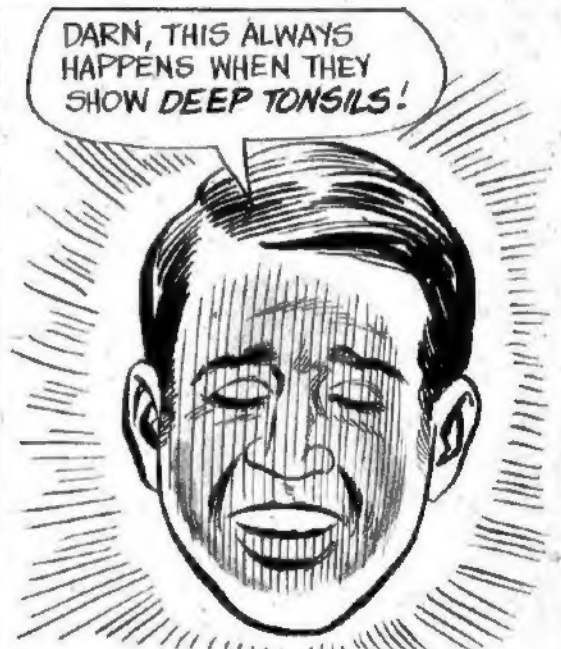


OUR FIRST STOP WILL BE THE OPERATING THEATER, WHERE WE'LL SEE A DEMONSTRATION OF X-RAY TECHNIQUES!



HOT DOG!

THIS IS WHAT I CALL AN ANATOMY LESSON!



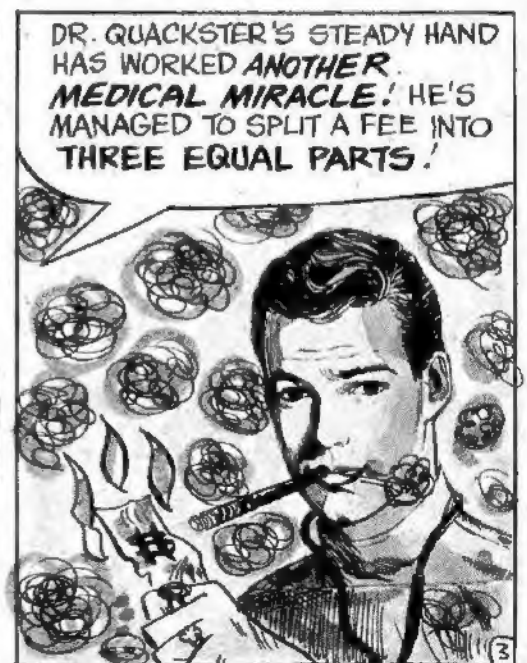
DARN, THIS ALWAYS HAPPENS WHEN THEY SHOW DEEP TONSILS!



THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN. WE WILL BE PRIVILEGED TO SEE THE EMINENT DR. QUACKSTER IN ACTION!

DR. GAS-PAIN, IS THIS QUACKSTER A TOP DOCTOR?

I HATE TO BAD MOUTH A COLLEAGUE, BUT HE'S THE ONLY DOCTOR I KNOW WHOSE OFFICE IS COMPLETELY WALL-PAPERED IN MALPRACTICE SUITS!



DR. QUACKSTER'S STEADY HAND HAS WORKED ANOTHER MEDICAL MIRACLE! HE'S MANAGED TO SPLIT A FEE INTO THREE EQUAL PARTS!

NOW, GENTLEMEN,
CAN ANY OF YOU TELL
ME WHY THE OPERATING
SURGEON ALWAYS WEARS
A MASK?

FOR THE SAME
REASON AS
LOUIS
PASTEUR...
TO PREVENT THE
SPREAD OF INFECTION?

NO! FOR THE
SAME REASON
AS **JESSE
JAMES**...TO
AVOID
RECOGNITION!
NOBODY WANTS
TO TAKE THE
RESPONSIBILITY FOR
A **BOTCHED
OPERATION!**



AND THE
RUBBER
GLOVES?

SO HE WON'T
LEAVE ANY
FINGERPRINTS!



NOW YOU INTERNS ARE
LEARNING! WHICH BRINGS
US TO THE MOST VITAL
QUESTION...THAT WILL
DETERMINE WHETHER
YOU **PASS** OR **FAIL**.
DR. GASPAIN, DO THE
HONORS!



WHEN A PATIENT CALLS YOU
LATE AT NIGHT COMPLAINING
OF 105-DEGREE FEVER,
STOPPAGE OF BREATHING
AND ADVANCED CARDIAC
ARREST, WHAT DO YOU
ALWAYS SAY?

TAKE TWO ASPIRINS
AND CALL ME IN THE
MORNING!!

CONGRATU-
LATIONS,
GENTLEMEN...
YOU'VE ALL
PASSED!



DR. SHLOCKNER, **HURRY!**
YOU'RE WANTED IN
EMERGENCY. A
CASE HAS COME IN
THAT NOBODY KNOWS
HOW TO **CURE!**



THIS MAY
BE IT,
GASPAIN!

A RARE CASE THAT WILL ADD
TO OUR MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE?

NO!
A RARE CASE THAT
WILL BOOST OUR
RATINGS!

EMERGENCY



CLARK KENT IS A TRANVESTITE!

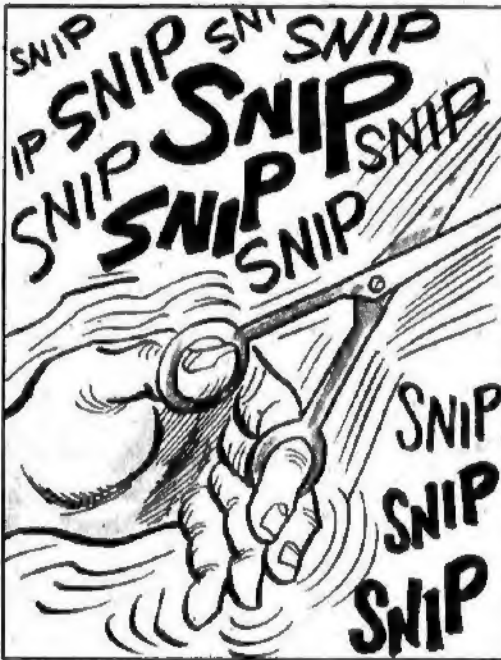
DOCTOR, **SAVE ME!** I'VE NEVER HAD A SICK DAY IN MY **LIFE**. NOW, I'M BENT OVER LIKE A **HUNCH-BACK**. WHAT AM I GOING TO **DO?**

DON'T PANIC, LAD. WE CAN ALWAYS GET YOU A JOB AS **BELL-RINGER** AT NOTRE DAME.

I WAS PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT THIS MORNING, UNTIL I GOT **DRESSED** IN A **HURRY!**

THE WHOLE STAFF HAS GONE THROUGH EVERY BOOK IN THE MEDICAL LIBRARY AND CAN'T COME UP WITH AN ANSWER!

AH, HA! I'VE GOT THE **DIAGNOSIS!** **QUICK!** GIVE ME MY **SCISSORS!**



HEY, I CAN STRAIGHTEN UP AGAIN!!
BLESS YOU, DOCTOR!



HOW DID YOU FIGURE IT OUT SO **QUICKLY?** EVERYBODY SUSPECTED IT MIGHT BE **NEUROSTHENIS** **BADNEWSIS** OR **BACKIS BROKIS!**

STOP ALREADY WITH ALL THOSE COCKAMAMIE DOCTOR TERMS! YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING TOO MANY MEDICAL SHOWS! THE MINUTE HE SAID HE GOT **DRESSED** IN A **HURRY**, I WAS SURE OF HIS CURE!

AND WITH ONLY A SCISSORS? WHAT WAS HIS DISEASE?



WHAT **DISEASE?** THE POOR SHNOOK CAUGHT HIS TIE IN HIS FLY!



PERSONALIZED

LICENSE PLATES

as concocted by ERNEST WERNER

2-4-1.98

Bernard Gimbel

42-26-38

Raquel Welch

A1-A2-A3

Lawrence Walk

76

Rocketfeller, Reagan, Etc.

1/2

Mickey Rooney

39

Jack Benny

RU1-2

Gay Liberation President

1-2-10

Watergate Buggers

$\frac{1}{4} \sqrt{7^3 82^4 59^6}$

Albert Einstein

2-KILL

James Bond

HERE'S AN EXCITING NEW GAME THAT IS SWEEPING THE NATION. ONLY THIS TIME THE ANSWERS ARE REALLY WILD, MAINLY BECAUSE THESE ARE...

SICK - STYLE HUNT-A-WORD PUZZLES

WORDS IN THESE PUZZLES ARE ALWAYS FOUND IN A STRAIGHT LINE ... EITHER FORWARD, BACKWARD, UP, DOWN OR DIAGONALLY. (ANSWERS ON PAGE 49)

CONCEIVED BY EDEN NORAH

EXECUTED BY TONY TALLARICO

FREAKY FOODS

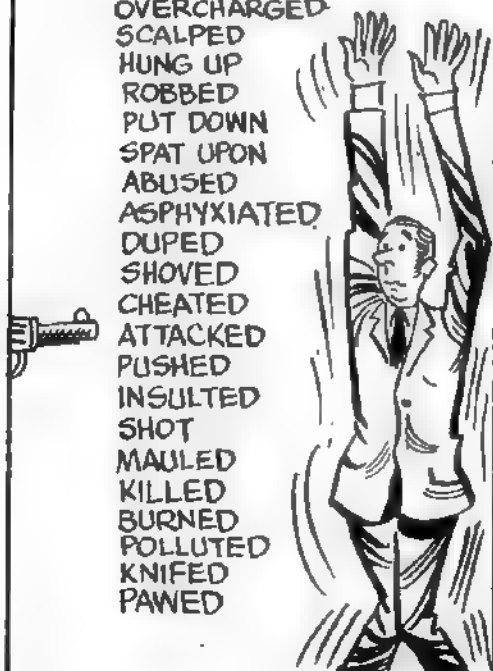
STUFFED RAT
ANTELOPE PARMIGIANA
AARDVARK EGGS
BLUBBER
CUMQUAT PITS
FILET OF COCKROACH
SKUNK-UNDER GLASS
BOILED BAT
RAGOUT OF ANT
GREASE BALLS
SWEET AND SOUR BUFFALO
CREME OF CASTOR OIL
BEAVER STEW



ANAIGAIMRAPEPOLETNA
AGSSSIPTAUQMUCIETLB
RIRUTPRFGUQLATVVWEO
DRGTUOUZORGDAXLTAMI
VEGFFUUZUZENXYSVSUL
ABBFCFGHITUYATCECRUE
RBCSEAHTOMLUSRSPTVD
KUDTDCLBFJKTSEUMVLB
ELLGRTXJANOTZCBXTSA
GBIHAUOONPEYXTNAHGT
GDBDTVQUTWCWTTULLYJ
SKUNKUNDERGLASSESLEF
OLAFFUBRUOSDNATEEWS
FILLETOFCOCKROACHTS
DZLIOROTSACFOEMERCC

VISITING FUN CITY

MUGGED
OVERCHARGED
SCALPED
HUNG UP
ROBBED
PUT DOWN
SPAT UPON
ABUSED
ASPHYXIATED
DUPED
SHOVED
CHEATED
ATTACKED
PUSHED
INSULTED
SHOT
MAULED
KILLED
BURNED
POLLUTED
KNIFED
PAWED



AMDEBBORULSTNWODTUP
SMUFRUOVESPATONASIS
PHUGTRVDESUBANTDIDT
HSOUGEDRERKILLEDEYUE
YXPTVESHS CCJLFYZTFL
XYXSOYDPVHUHHUNGUPL
IIATHHDODEPLACSGEUI
ANUEOOVFLAETGRAPTSU
TUNLUJVABTGHIJGKKHL
EPTABKCEDEWAPPOENEM
DUPEDDEFDDCAQOOEDDN
CSNLDLTDEKCATATVJQ
KNIFEDVEKSLDELUAMBL
INSULTEDSCODETULLOP
LDSTXTEDDENRUBIJKVS

READING MAD CAUSES CANCER!

HEAVENLY BODIES

RAQUEL WELCH ■ ALI MC GRAW ■ VIRNI LISI
MIA FARROW ■ LINDA LOVELACE ■ JANE FONDA
SOPHIA LOREN ■ JULIE CHRISTIE ■ JIM BROWN
ANITA EKBERG



J R N E R O L A I H P O S E
U G A E O L A U V N J U Y C
L R V Q I S I L I N R I V A
I E S V U J L A N T R M I L
E B E J M E A T D T D B V E
C K W A I N L C V U P R M V
H E H N A D I W O U V O U O
R A T E F J M W E V R W A L
I T E F A L C U C L T N B A
S I W O R B G D T X C S C D
T N U N R N R L U D T H J N
I A L D O T A T Y M F U L I
E U L A W S W O V F E N U L

P R E P P I R E H T K C A J
L U C R E T I A B O R G I A
L C O L N O L E X O T G R T
U R U R A C T N P J O N T T
H E T I A B O O R D G O N I
I I A P S U T X Z J P K X L
T P O N W L N I G A F G L A
L N R E O O L N D T L N N X
E T A X K L L T J K T I U K
R X U T A U V F L U D K D V
D R A C U L A N M G T Y S V
S T M J N J L T C A G N E W
B E N E D I C T A R N O L D

NICE GUYS FINISH LAST

JACK THE RIPPER ■ LUCRETIA BORGIA
AL CAPONE ■ KING KONG ■ GODZILLA
BENEDICT ARNOLD ■ HITLER ■ FAGIN
DRACULA ■ NIXON ■ ATILA ■ AGNEW
WOLF MAN



C O Q U A L L A B P O O T S
R H R H S I F O G O S N S P
I U U O Q G F G U S S T T I
N J K G V U T S T T P U I N
G P B A A J Y S T O P C C T
O N S N K L Y G T F F E K H
L Z T G T C U S O F L L B E
E L U F T K L G G I P B A B
V S T I C K K G C C N M L O
I V N G K G B T L E L U L T
O U T H S S A B T N G R Y T
P F L T O U S T O O P B C L
X Z K T K J S A L O O G I E

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

SALOOGIE ■ SPIN THE BOTTLE ■ GANG FIGHT
STOOP BALL ■ CHUG-A-LUG ■ POST OFFICE
RUMBLE ■ STICKBALL ■ GO FISH ■ POTSY
RING-O-LEVO



CLASSROOM CAPERS

SKOOL ■ KLASS ■ BOOKS
HOMEWORK ■ FLUNK ■ DUNCE
HISTORY ■ READIN ■ RITIN
RITHMATIK ■ FAIL ■ REPORT CARD
BATH ROOM ■ SPITBALL
ABSENT ■ SNITCH



P S F H R I T I N J O N R E
H K L A S S L N O H T A E J
L O U U R S P Z T O N S A E
I O N H H I V I V D T U D R
K L K F I S N I T C H T I Y
I S C D T S Y V U B X U N M
T S D U J S T C L I A F T O
A K S U D J N O Z P N L E O
M O O V N K T O R L P E L R
H O U U T C L J Y Y Y H O H
T B V T T N E S B A Z E T T
I F T B K R O W E M O H Y A
R E P O R T C A R D T J L B

SICK'S MYSTERY PHRASE GAMES

SOMEWHERE IN EACH OF THESE PUZZLES IS A MYSTERY PHRASE WHICH, WHEN JOINED PROPERLY BY PENCIL, WILL GIVE YOU THE ANSWER GRAPHICALLY. CLUES LIE IN THE PUZZLE HEADINGS. (ANSWERS ON PAGE 49)

NEW YORK IS A SUMMER FESTER!

WALL STREET

A dense, chaotic word cloud composed of numerous words and phrases in various sizes, orientations, and weights. The text is rendered in a bold, sans-serif font, creating a highly textured and abstract visual field. The words are packed closely together, with some appearing more prominent than others due to their size and placement. The overall effect is one of a busy, unstructured collage of language. Some legible words include: DYUNCE, GOFRYAKIPPERED, GYUNNTEY, GOTOMMYZABL, GOLDFOET, CALLM, CLOUD, DORT, KNOT, WHEIM, BROKER, LACY, BROKETM, LM, BRT, THIZ, IZTH, SICLTUNC, IDONT, FEFF, YOU, SHOUT, OWUSH, UXTRI, SZUL, HTIO, OLTUT, OONOLWTHI, ULDDUITRIG, GYNGTHIS, IMMEDIATE, and many others, some of which are partially obscured or cut off by the edges of the frame.

MADISON AVENUE

[illegible]

HOLLYWOOD

A dense, overlapping collage of stylized, outlined text in various orientations and sizes. The text includes words like 'FATHER', 'JONATHAN', 'SEAGULL', 'JUNK', 'KUNK', 'PHOOEY', and 'FOOEY'. The style is reminiscent of mid-century modern graphic design or a word cloud.

SICK OFFICE

[illegible]



Dear Crabbie:

Consultant:
Fred Wolfe

DEAR CRABBIE: I'm a hill gal who lives back in the woods and I am keeping company with my first suitor. He makes me very nervous, 'cause every time he visits my cabin, he pants when he arrives and pants when he leaves. What do you think?

—NEWCOMER

DEAR NEWCOMER: You've got a suitor with two pairs of pants!

● ● ●

DEAR CRABBIE: To bring romance back in our life, a marriage counselor recommended that my husband and I should avoid the usual routine and, for example, make wild, passionate love right in the middle of dinner. What do you suggest?

—SECOND HONEYMOONER
DEAR SECOND HONEYMOONER: Stay out of restaurants!

● ● ●

DEAR CRABBIE: I am trying to do my patriotic duty to help out in the current energy shortage. Therefore, when my boyfriend takes me out for a moonlight drive, how far should I let him go?

—GAS CONSCIOUS

DEAR GAS CONSCIOUS: Until he runs out of gas!

● ● ●

DEAR CRABBIE: I am 28 years old. My mother tells me not to be so fussy about the guys I go with. She wants me to marry the first fellow who asks me. But I'm looking for a man who will kindle my desire, heat up my blood and set my heart afire. What's your opinion?

—ROMANTIC

DEAR ROMANTIC: Are you looking for a husband or an arsonist?

● ● ● ●

DEAR CRABBIE: On my neighbor's wedding anniversary, her brother-in-law, a plastic surgeon, offered to give her a free nose job as a present. Another neighbor, a dentist, offered to cap all her teeth free. My husband, also a professional man, made me the same type of anniversary offer, but I refused.

—INDIGNANT

DEAR INDIGNANT: So who told you to marry a mortician?

● ● ● ●

DEAR CRABBIE: My wife rarely does anything to please me. She burns my toast, tears my shirts, insults me in front of my friends, and whenever I feel romantic, she always has a "headache." However, her birthday is coming soon and she is hinting for me to buy

her clothes, maybe a dress or a coat. What do you suggest?

—ABUSED

DEAR ABUSED: If I were you I'd give her a belt!

● ● ●

DEAR CRABBIE: What can the matter be? I'm willing to give my boyfriend my devotion, my heart, my undivided loyalty. Yet, he still seems unsatisfied.

—PUZZLED

DEAR PUZZLED: No wonder—you're keeping all the good parts for yourself!

● ● ● ●

DEAR CRABBIE: My psychiatrist says I have a personality that is split six different ways. What shall I do?

—WIT'S END

DEAR WIT'S END: Ask him for a group rate.

● ● ● ●

DEAR CRABBIE: We are a group of young people who would like to take steps to modernize religion. As you well know, adolescents are always in a hurry. Have you any suggestions?

—THE FAITH-FULLS

DEAR FAITH-FULLS: Yes. Set up "Express" Confessionals—for people who have eight sins or less.

● ● ● ●

SICK SOLVES

Recently, SICK beat the meat shortage by laughing at it. And what do you know—it went away! Today there's no serious shortage of meat (only of money to pay the meat bill). So we decided to do the same thing to today's gas shortage. Laugh it away!

One fellow reported getting a can of gasoline for his new Cadillac . . . and said it was the best trade he ever made!

The fuel shortage is really getting bad. A bank robber recently made his getaway on roller skates!

Nowadays when somebody yells, "Get a horse!" you can't tell whether they're conserving gas or ordering dinner!

Abraham Lincoln foresaw it all when he said: "You can fuel some of the people all of the time . . ."

One service station attendant has hung mistletoe over the gas pump—so the motorists can kiss it goodbye!

How will we explain to our grandchildren that in the seventies we used six gallons of gas driving around to find a filling station to get five gallons?

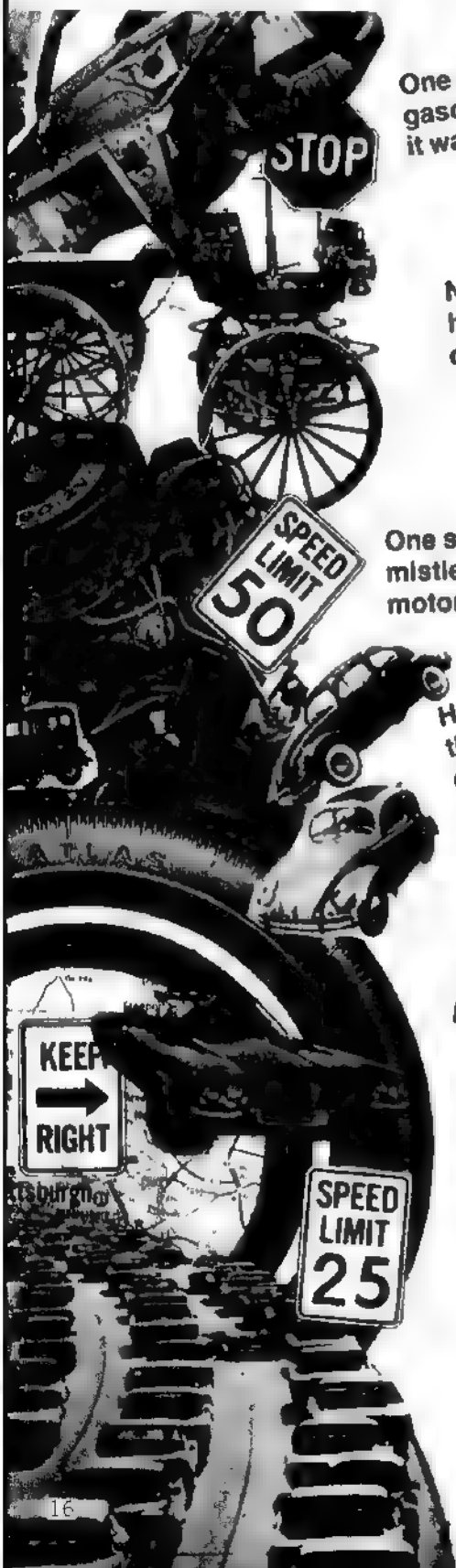
They're coming out with a new car that runs on electricity. But you can't go too far unless you have a very long extension cord!

Nowadays when a fellow, out with a girl in his car, says he's out of gas he's not kidding!

A junkie motorist began celebrating when he heard they reduced the maximum on speed! One Caddy get 27 miles to a gallon! Not a car Caddy, a golf Caddy!

There's so little weekend traffic on the highways now that hitchhikers are willing to go either way!

Where are people going for gas? Hungarian restaurants report a landslide business!



THE GASOLINE SHORTAGE

WITH
LAUGHING
GAS

The situation has gotten so desperate that a group of motorists raided the gas chamber at San Quentin!

Irony: How come the Arabs have all the gas and we have all the heartburn?

Until the heat cools off, a lot of people are forming car pools!

In Rome there's such a shortage of gas that the drivers have to push their cars over pedestrians!

It was Don Rickles who said: "This year my cup runneth over. And next year, I hope it'll be my gas tank!"

Somebody recommended a great new source of oil—drain the grease off roadside hamburgers!

Some people who drive compact cars because of the gas shortage try to maintain their status by showing pictures of Cadillacs they have at home!

Nowadays thieves are stealing gas tanks and leaving the cars!

Israeli Airlines is the only one not affected by the fuel shortage. Their planes run on chicken soup!

AND ON THE HOME FRONT

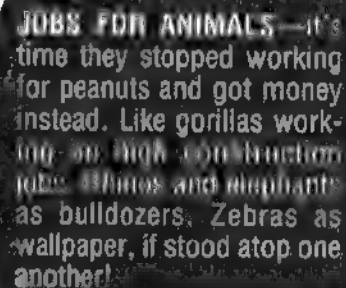
- In an effort to conserve home fuel, yesterday's slumlord is today's patriot!
- People are now sending out cards saying: "100 Kilowatts of Power have been turned off in your name!"
- The mercury fell so low in one home recently that it pinned a mouse to the floor!
- The government plans to have nationwide "brownouts" shortly. Their slogan is: "The Public Be Dimmed!"

- So terrible is the fuel shortage that there hasn't been a housewarming all year!
- Remember when people made fun of Lyndon Johnson going around the White House turning off lights?
- One guy reports no problem with home heat—his brother-in-law opens his mouth and a lot of hot air comes out!
- New energy command: "Dimmit, Dammit!"



HOW TO PUT

REAL-LIVE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS will live horses, zebras and a llama or two, can be placed in each zoo. By charging admission for the live carousel, zoos can clean up a fortune and exercise their animals as well.



SALES—feathers dropped by shedding peacocks can be sold for women's hats, sheep's wool for clothing and real bears for bearskin rugs. A new bear appears each month to take the place of the old one.



ZOOS IN ZOO'S WHO

AS BIG
FINANCIAL
TIGERS

Script by: HOPE LEE
Art by: DON OREHEK



HERTZ RENT-A-PET—for parties, decoration, companionship, etc. And you can have any pet you want. If you think a German shepherd makes a good watchdog, watch Felix the [unclear] [unclear]!

ANIMAL VARIETY SHOWS—charging admission like the circus, and with acts like seals balancing balls, bears dancing, and monkeys riding motorcycles. Also, an obstacle course in which patrons try to get through a maze filled with wild animals!



JOHN CAME RON SWAYZEE WEARS A MICKEY MOUSE WATCH!



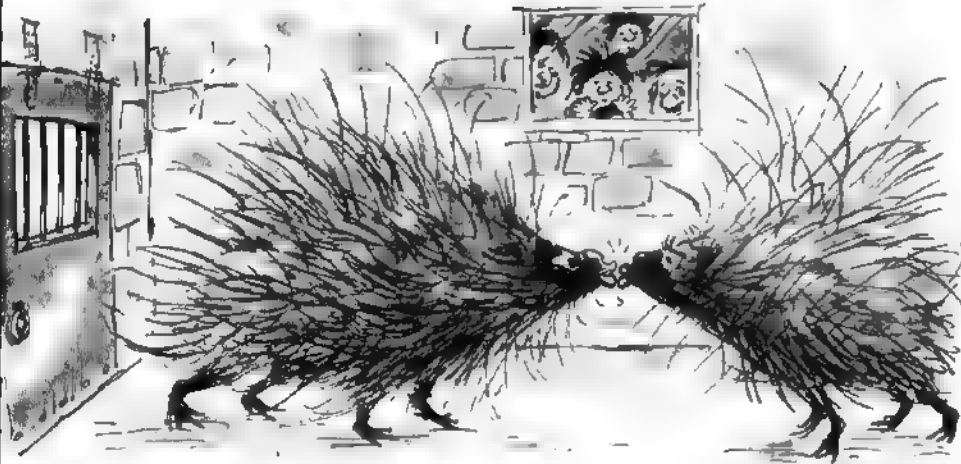
ANIMAL HALL OF FAME—with Madame Tassaud-type wax reproductions of famous animals from real life and fiction. And if zoo visitors won't pay the admission, a couple of snarling tigers are on hand to apply additional pressure!



SHOOTING GALLERY—where live animals run through a target area and people can shoot at them. Trick is that the animals won't get hurt, and the animals are trained to fall down on command when hit by gunfire and all.

ASSORTED ANIMAL RIDES

—horseback riders will look down their noses at horses once they've had the chance to ride an ostrich or an elephant down the main boulevard. And for those who want a bit more, there's always a yak!



BLUE ROOM—where people pay an admission price to see the animals mate. This will be a real live course in sex education for youngsters, and for those with more bizarre tastes, a chance to watch two porcupines in heat.

SO GET THAT MONKEY OFF YOUR BACK—MAKE ZOOS SELF-SUSTAINING!—If you're tired of having those animals put the bite on you, sign this petition to implement SICK'S ZOO'S WHO PLAN.

(ADD YOUR NAME HERE)

PETITION

—TO SAVE OUR ZOOS—

<i>Cleveland Amory</i>	<i>Fay Wray</i>
<i>Frank Buck</i>	<i>WALT DISNEY</i>
<i>KING KONG</i>	<i>LASSIE</i>
<i>Donald B. Decker</i>	<i>Pat Niemce</i>
<i>John R. Ford</i>	<i>John G. Gilla</i>
<i>Sigmund Freud</i>	<i>Jane Goodall</i>
<i>John Ford</i>	
<i>Newton</i>	
<i>Harlowe Gaudin</i>	

You Know You're by FRED WOLFE Unloved When . . .

... you open a fortune cookie
—and find a threatening letter.

... you call "Dial-A-Prayer"
—and they put you on "hold."

... obscene phone callers hang up on you.

... Colonel Sanders refuses to lick
your fingers—but bites your thumb.

... your prom corsage is a cactus.

... you find your parents erasing their
names on your birth certificate.

... your fiancée promises you a beautiful
stone—marked: "Rest In Peace."

... you win on the "Dating Game"—
and get stood up.

... your mother wraps your lunches in road maps.

... your artist friend wants to
do you in oil—boiling oil!

... you're forced to sue your
"Supphose" for non-support.

... people who wouldn't touch you with
a ten-foot-pole add another five feet.

... a plastic surgeon refuses your money on grounds
that medicine has advanced—but not that far.



THE WORLD'S WISEST MAN

FIRST IN A SERIES OF HUMAN INTEREST FEATURES

Aron Mayer, PhD%
(*Phony Doctor)

How do you do, ladies and gentlemen. This is Virgil I. Peterson, your roving SICK reporter, here to conduct the first in our series of in-depth interviews with the world's most unusual and interesting people. We have with us today, a most remarkable and fascinating personality. Now, you may have read recently that a search was conducted to find the world's wisest man. Well, deep in the heart of the Himalaya Mountains this man was found. He is here with us today—the world's wisest man—Mr. Mishu Gass of Llama, Tibet. Fortunately, Mr. Gass speaks English fluently so that he will be able to communicate his wisdom to us. Would you kindly come in now—Mr. Mishu Gass—the World's Wisest Man...

Hello,
dere!



Mr. Gass, you are considered by experts to be the world's wisest man. Tell me, what makes you so wise?

I fool around with the books.

You fool around with the books?

Yes, Philosophy books, Psychology books, all kinds of books!

I see. You read a lot, do you?

Oh, yes. I read all the wise authors. Dickens, Shakespeare, Plato, Rod McKuen...

Rod McKuen?

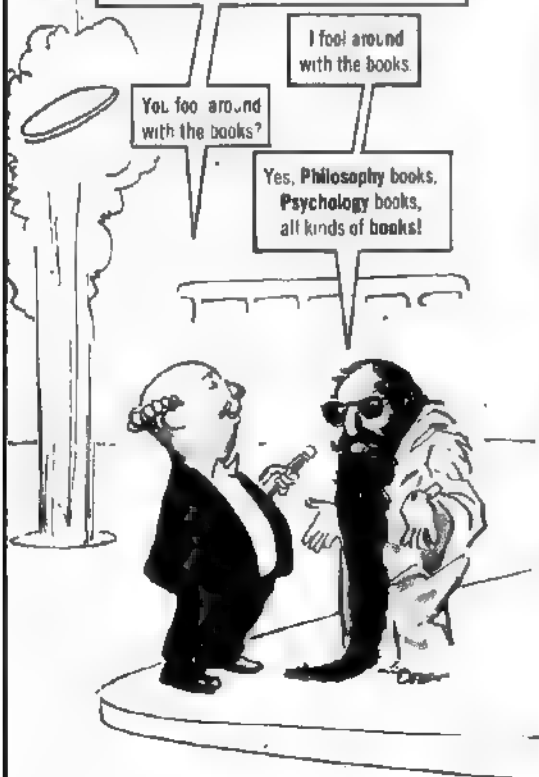
I like poetry too.

Un-huh. What do you think of Keats?

Keats! Do you like Keats?

What's that?

Oh, I like Keats... if they're not too noisy!

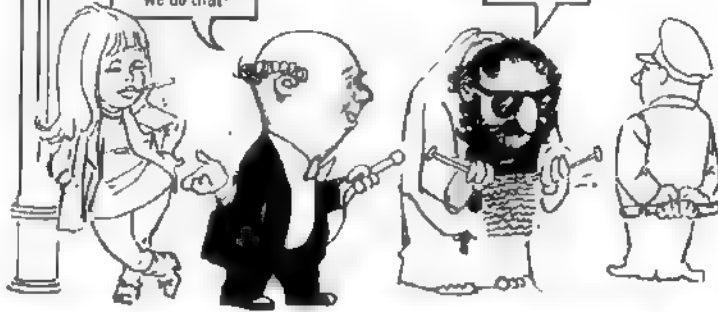


Now, Mr. Gass, as the world's wisest man, you no doubt have words of wisdom for our troubled times. Tell me, how can we bring all countries together?

Oh, that's easy. Just move the Atlantic Ocean into the Pacific Ocean.

Un-huh. That's a big job. How do you propose we do that?

A bucket brigade!



I see. But do you really feel it would bring peace to the world?

Oh, you want peace? That's easy! Just have soldiers from both sides fight a war with no clothes on. The war will stop immediately!

How will nude soldiers stop the practice of war?

Nobody can tell who the enemy is!



That makes sense, Mr. Gass. A big question facing America today is whether to trust the Communists. Do you feel, for example, that we should sign a treaty with Red China?

Why bother? An hour later we'd want to sign a treaty with them again!



Sounds reasonable. Besides the great international problems, Mr. Gass, there are many everyday problems we face right in our big cities. For example, New York has a very serious traffic problem. How would you handle that?

How would that help New York?

Not too difficult. What I'd do is make all traffic go one way... westbound!

Then it's New Jersey's problem!



Tell me, Mr. Gass, in your opinion who is the greatest man America has ever produced?

Yes, that's right...

George Washington! He was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen...

Yet he married a widow!

I never thought of that!

You should read your history sonny!



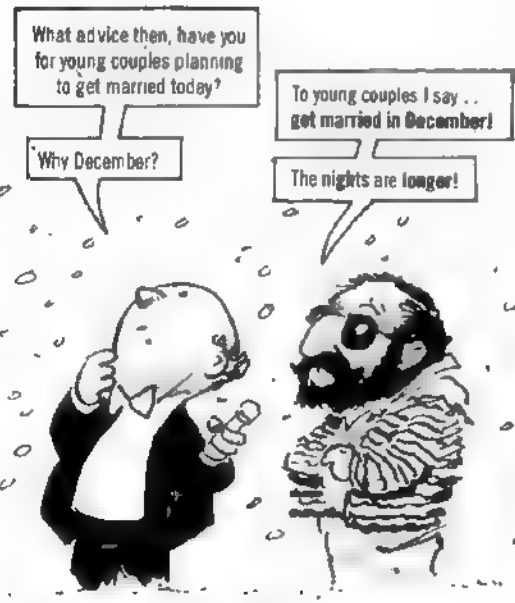
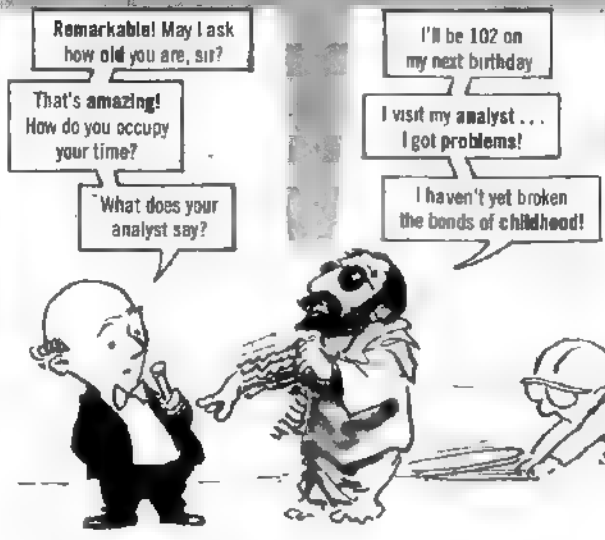
Mr. Gass, I hope you don't mind me asking, but are you married?

I used to be married, but then my wife gave birth to Siamese twins.

I see. What did you do?

I filed for a separation... I'm not Siamese!





DON'T WORRY -- MOSHE DAYAN WILL PATCH THINGS UP!

Ladies and gentlemen, there you have it—an interview with Mr. MISHU GASS—the world's wisest man! Please watch for another exciting and unusual personality in the next of our series of human interest features. We'll be talking soon with the World's Fastest Poolroom Ball-Racker, the World's Last I-Cash-Clothes Man, the World's Hungriest Cannibal and many others of that unique caliber. Remember, friends, you heard it here ...



KNOCK, KNOCK! WHO'S THERE? ARNEW! ARNEW WHO? ARNEW . . .

KNOCK-KNOCK

CONTEST



Yes, gang! In an effort to bring back the old "Knock-Knock" jokes that really knocked out our fathers way back when they were kids, SICK has come up with a "new, wild, wacky, way-out Knock-Knock Contest!" Here's a few hard-knock examples:

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Althea!
Althea who?
Althea in my dreams!

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Oswald!
Oswald who?
Oswald my gum!

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
José!
José who?
José can you see?

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Dwayne!
Dwayne who?
Dwayne in Spain falls
mainly on the plain!



Get the idea? Then send in your Knock-Knock today! Who knows? Yours may be among the ten best entries that will receive a free copy of a fabulous new humor book!



Contest closes April 24, 1974. All entries become SICK's property and none can be returned. Decision of the judges is final. Send your Knock-Knock to: SICK Knock-Knock Contest, Hewfred Publications, 919 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. In case of duplicate submissions, the first entry received will be eligible for a prize!

**WATCH FOR THE WINNERS OF
SICK'S KITE-NAMING CONTEST
—TO BE ANNOUNCED IN THE
NEXT ISSUE!**

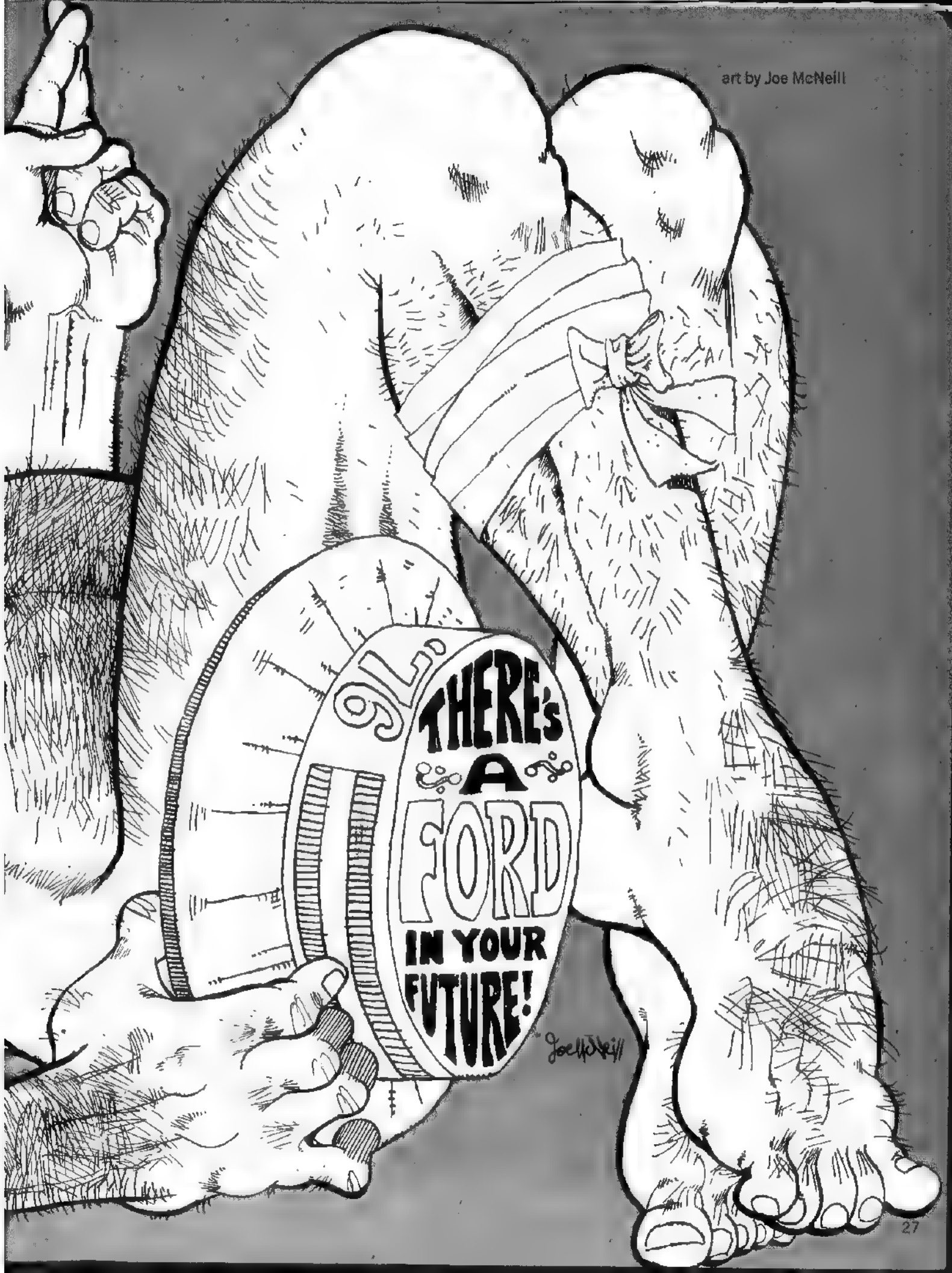
*I'm No. 2
so I try
harder!*



Gerry Ford

42-'76-42

art by Joe McNeill



**ATTENTION WORLD:
WATER GATE
AND OIL CRISIS
DON'T MIX!**

Sick Sick

DON'T METH AROUND

IN-SICK-NIFICANT

If you ask me, what we've got to do is get crime out of the White House and back into the streets!



New York City: All sorts of weirdos are running around loose in Fun City nowadays. A man walked into a Massage Parlor here and actually asked for a massage!

Pratt Falls: A local candidate for the office of mayor was characterized as a man of strong convictions. (He should worry. A

good lawyer can always get him off!)

Chicago: Many friends and supporters of Billie Jean King are still antagonistic towards Bobbie Riggs for thinking he could have beaten the female tennis champion. (What are they complaining about? After all, Billie Jean went from Riggs to riches.)

Dallas: News from the prune juice set. A 78-year-old grandmother, with a record of 24 previous arrests, was held in \$25,000 bail following her arrest on the charge of possession of dangerous drugs. (We hear they're making a movie of her life: "The Geritol Connection!")

**GIVE NIXON
ANOTHER CRISIS!**

Brazil: In a remote village, an oversized baby reported to have been born to a native woman, has already grown to 93 pounds at the age of three. (When this kid burps, it measures 6 on the Richter Scale.)

Detroit: Oil executives contemplate using lower grade automotive fuels. (Instead of having a tiger in our tank, we may all end up with a pussycat in our Plymouth!)

Nation's Capital: According to reliable informants, the government has been printing 13-cent air mail stamps and stocking up on 10-cent stamps in preparation for a rate boost that the postal service wants to put into effect.

(No question about it—they've got the situation licked!)

Buenos Aires: The government announced that China and Argentina have signed a medical cooperation pact that will bring Chinese surgeons and nurses to Argentina. (Careful, guys. One hour later those Chinese doctors may feel like operating again.)

London: It is reported that Twiggy just recovered from a heavy chest cold. (The question is: "Where did she get the heavy chest?")

Lake Erie: The dumping of chemical wastes in off-shore waters has filled many fish with an unusual amount of mercury. (Soon we'll be using a flounder for a thermometer!)

**ATTENTION
SICK READERS:
STARE AT THIS FOR 10 MINUTES**



**IT'LL REALLY BLOW YOUR
MIND** (as well as your eyesight!)



FLASH!

The Ford Motor Company has just announced that it is recalling Mercurys. They found too high an incidence of tuna in them!

Sign in a train terminal: "Watch out for locomotive in yard with tender behind."

The Pentagon: Army authorities are experimenting with ultra-sophisticated electronic methods that locate opposing forces in the dark. (Forget all that electronic jazz—just get the enemy to eat garlic!)

Philadelphia: Statistics bear out the fact that most accidents usually occur in the home. (How true. Thousands of American housewives are getting hernias nowadays trying to stretch a dollar!)

Fort Lauderdale: More than 600 passengers were stranded aboard a cruise ship that went aground on a sandbank. Free drinks were distributed while tugs waited for high tide to free the ship. (It was a tossup which would get high first—the tide or the passengers).

Tallahassee: With the critical shortage of food expected within the next ten years, chemists are working on the development of artificial food. (Please, Colonel Sanders—not fried plastic!)

Menlo Park: Flower power may be able to fill the energy gap left by the nation's fuel resources, scientists say. (We're saved! Just go down to Greenwich Village and round up a batch of pansies!)

Hollywood: Bob Hope's been asked once again to entertain America's fighting men. The government wants him to put on shows for drivers lined up at gas stations.

Wales: Reports from this section reveal that pop singer Tom Jones recently underwent surgery. They had his pants removed.

Baltimore: A new government investigation has just absolved Spiro Agnew of all innocence. Mr. Agnew, however, is reportedly delighted, because he can now eat his grapefruit at the breakfast table and not find it ticking.

JFK Airport: With hijacking still in the news, the airlines have tightened security. The guards at the TWA terminal here reportedly frisked Raquel Welch for two hours recently—and she was just seeing somebody off!

A SICK EXCLUSIVE:

**NAPOLEON
THOUGHT
HE WAS
NAPOLEON!**



The President has asked us
to cut down on our use of
power. We ask him to do
likewise!



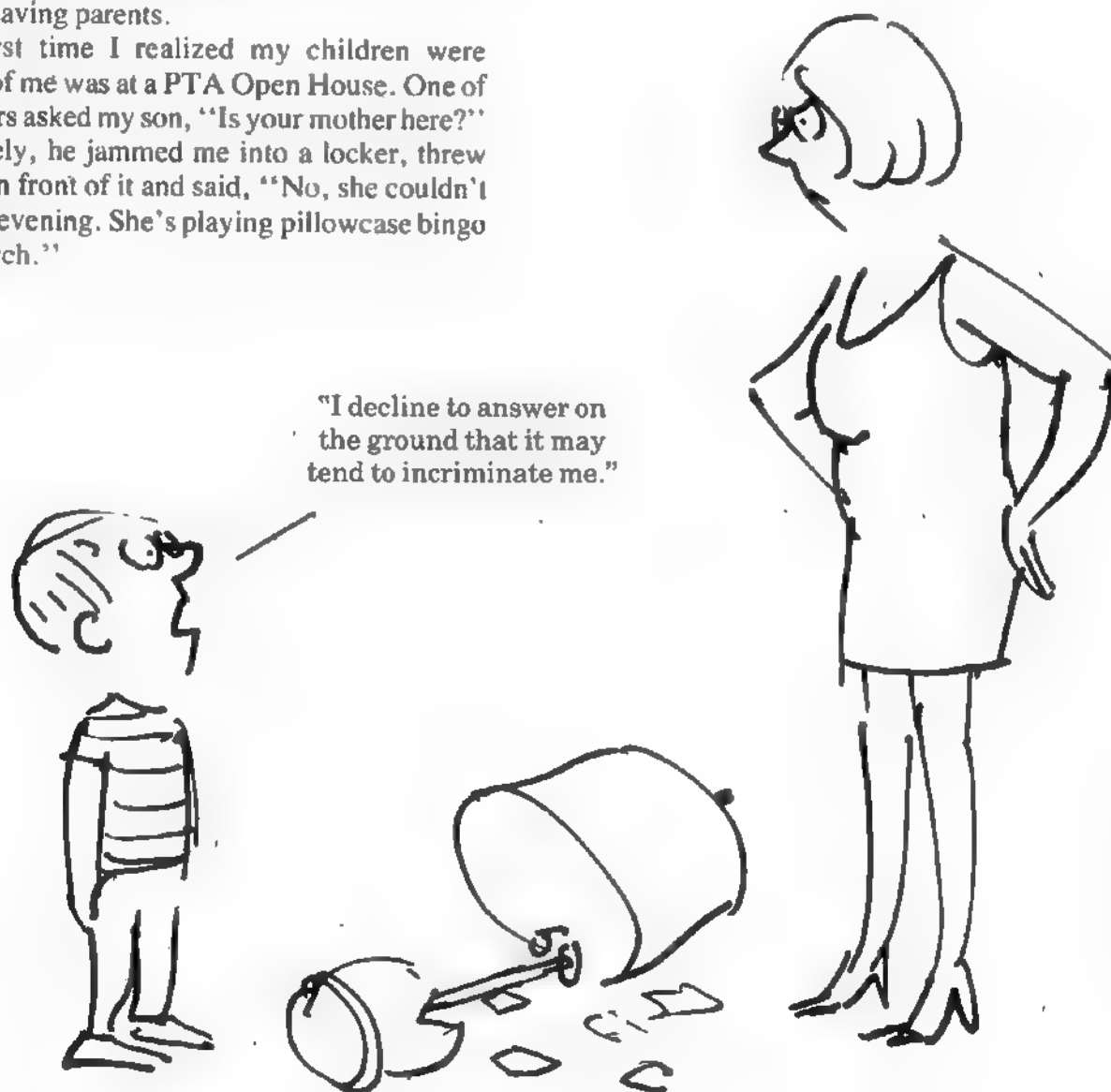
MOTHERS SHOULD

It is upsetting to many parents that their teenagers introduce them to their friends as encyclopedia salesman who are just passing through . . . if they introduce them at all.

I have some acquaintances who hover in dark parking lots, enter church separately and crouch in furnace rooms so their teen-agers will not be accused of having parents.

The first time I realized my children were ashamed of me was at a PTA Open House. One of the teachers asked my son, "Is your mother here?" Instinctively, he jammed me into a locker, threw his body in front of it and said, "No, she couldn't come this evening. She's playing pillowcase bingo at the church."

I was indignant. "Why did you say that? Have I ever laughed with cottage cheese in my mouth? Have I ever done my Gale Storm impersonations in front of anyone but family? Have I ever worn my loafers and Girl Scout socks to anywhere but the A&P and back?"



BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD

by
ERMA BOMBECK
and
BIL KEANE

He didn't answer. He just smiled and pretended he was giving me directions to the gym.

If it will make parents feel better, girls in their teens often go through their "Our Gal Sunday" syndrome. It is far more romantic to imagine they were found on the doorstep of two old coal miners and will eventually find happiness with a virile English rock singer than to say, "I was born of Wanda and Louie Fish in a hospital in the suburbs of Cleveland."

Boys of this age go through their Sabu syndrome. They do not want to face up to the fact they were conceived by any other way than without original sin, so they prefer to believe they emerged from a seed in the jungle, fed by werewolves and later adopted by Jon Hall. (Or whoever was Tarzan that year.)

As a parent, I am going through a syndrome myself. It's called Joan of Arc, which means I am sick and tired of being treated like a dog with mouse breath.

I'm sick of scrubbing and washing, running and fetching, scrimping and sewing, hauling and cooking only to have them say four words to me all year: Wait in the car.

Last summer, I drove my daughter and son to the swimming pool. As my daughter and I prepared to emerge from the bathhouse, my daughter stopped.

"Where are you going?"

"Whatya mean where am I going? I am in a bathing suit. Am I dressed for a flu shot?"

"You go first," she commanded.

"Why, aren't they friendly?"

"Mom, no one goes to a swimming pool and sits with their mother."

"It's the bathing suit, isn't it?" I asked. "I



should have shortened the sleeves."

"It's not the suit," she sighed.

"The varicose veins then. You're ashamed of my legs."

"The bathrobe covers them," she answered.

"What then?"

"It's just that the first thing you always do when you get inside is go in the water."

"I'd feel ridiculous swimming without it," I snapped. "What are you supposed to do at a swimming pool?"

"Other people's mothers don't go in the water."

"I suppose you're referring to Beverly's
(continued on next page)

From the book JUST WAIT TILL YOU HAVE CHILDREN OF YOUR OWN

by Erma Bombeck and Bil Keane. Copyright 1971 by Erma Bombeck and Bil Keane. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

MOTHERS SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD



mother. I personally know she wears a girdle under her bathing suit and has enough foam rubber in her bra to keep eighteen seamen afloat in a tidal wave."

"She's got a neat tan," said my daughter.

"She's the type who tans when she hangs up Christmas tree lights," I snarled. "Besides, I don't trust a woman who sits around the pool reading the *American Journal on Tooth Decay*."

"Look," she said flatly, "I'm going to sit with some of my friends."

"Wonderful," I said. "When I am ready to go I'll flash my compact mirror into the sun and spit three times into the wading pool."

As I smoothed out my towel, I saw my son stroll by.

"Hi, Junie," I said cheerfully.

"Mom!" he said between clenched teeth. "The guys will see you. And don't call me Junie."

"It's your name, isn't it?"

"Other guys' mothers just say, 'Hey, you.'"

"I'll watch it."

"Boy, I bet they'll think I'm some creep talking to my mother."

"Why don't you tell them I'm a far-sighted movie fan and thought you were Paul Newman."

He made his exit.

It must have been several hours before I felt a shadow over my towel. It was my two teen-agers.

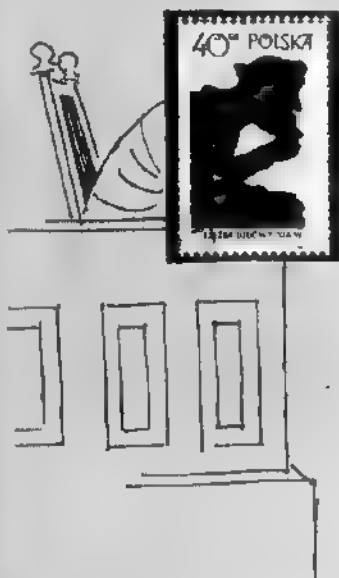
"Hey, Mom, we want to get something cold to drink. Where's the money?"

I brought myself up to one elbow, pulled my dark glasses down to the bridge of my nose and scrutinized them coolly, without recognition.

"Whatsa matter, kids, lose your mother?" I said crisply and returned to my sun bathing.

That's one for St. Joan.

The End.



" \$50.00 OR TWO
WEEKS IN JAIL?
I'LL TAKE THE
\$50.00 "



DON'T LOOK NOW
BUT SOMETHING
IS FOLLOWING
US.



**MORE
SICK
PLAYS**

POST OFFICE

created by LO LINKERT



WATCH WHERE YOU'RE
GOING, YOU WOMAN
DRIVER!



FIGHT CAPITAL PUNISHMENT EVEN IF IT KILLS YOU!

COMEDIAN OF THE MONTH:



MASON REESE

"The Borgasmord Kid"

No doubt about it, the biggest little star in America today is MASON REESE, a seven-year-old huckster-comedian-philosopher whose meteoric rise in show business is still causing audience double-takes (they can't believe that face is for real!).

Wherever you turn on TV nowadays you'll see that unbelievable face, from spot commercials to spots on all the big-name talk shows (which isn't bad for a kid who can't pronounce shmorgasbord!). Standing 3-feet-8 in his pajama feet, Mason looks like a baby picture of Arthur Godfrey that the latter would like to forget. (Rumor has it that in Mason's own family album they keep only negatives!). Yet this pudgy pint-sized prankster has already won a Clio, the award for the best performance by a male in a commercial—and has recently signed with NBC-TV in New York to cover children's news (although there is no truth to the report that he plans to run for President in '76!).

Now the official spokesman for Ivory Snow, Mason's introduction of the word "borgasmord" on the Underwood Meat Spreads commercial has made it a household word. (Not Underwood—it!).

A native New Yorker attending third grade at a St. Michael's Montessori class, Mason Reese's favorite subject is math (which is what he needs to tally up all the money he's making). Small wonder then that Mason Reese has been selected SICK's Comedian of the Month. Mainly because he is a small wonder . . .

READ WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT MASON:

● "Believe me, I wish I could walk over and pinch his cheeks!"

—Venus DeMillo
Athens, Greece

● "I still say children should be seen and not hurt!"

—Lizze Borden's Mother
Bangor, Maine

● "Is this the face that launched a thousand quips?"

—Helen of Troy
(Troy, N.Y.)

● "I got ties older than he is!"

—George Jessel
Hollywood, Cal.

● "

!"
—Marcel Marceau
Paris, France

● "He's an imposter, I'm the original!"

—Peewee Resse
Brooklyn Dodgers

● "What, me worry? You bet I will, from now on!"

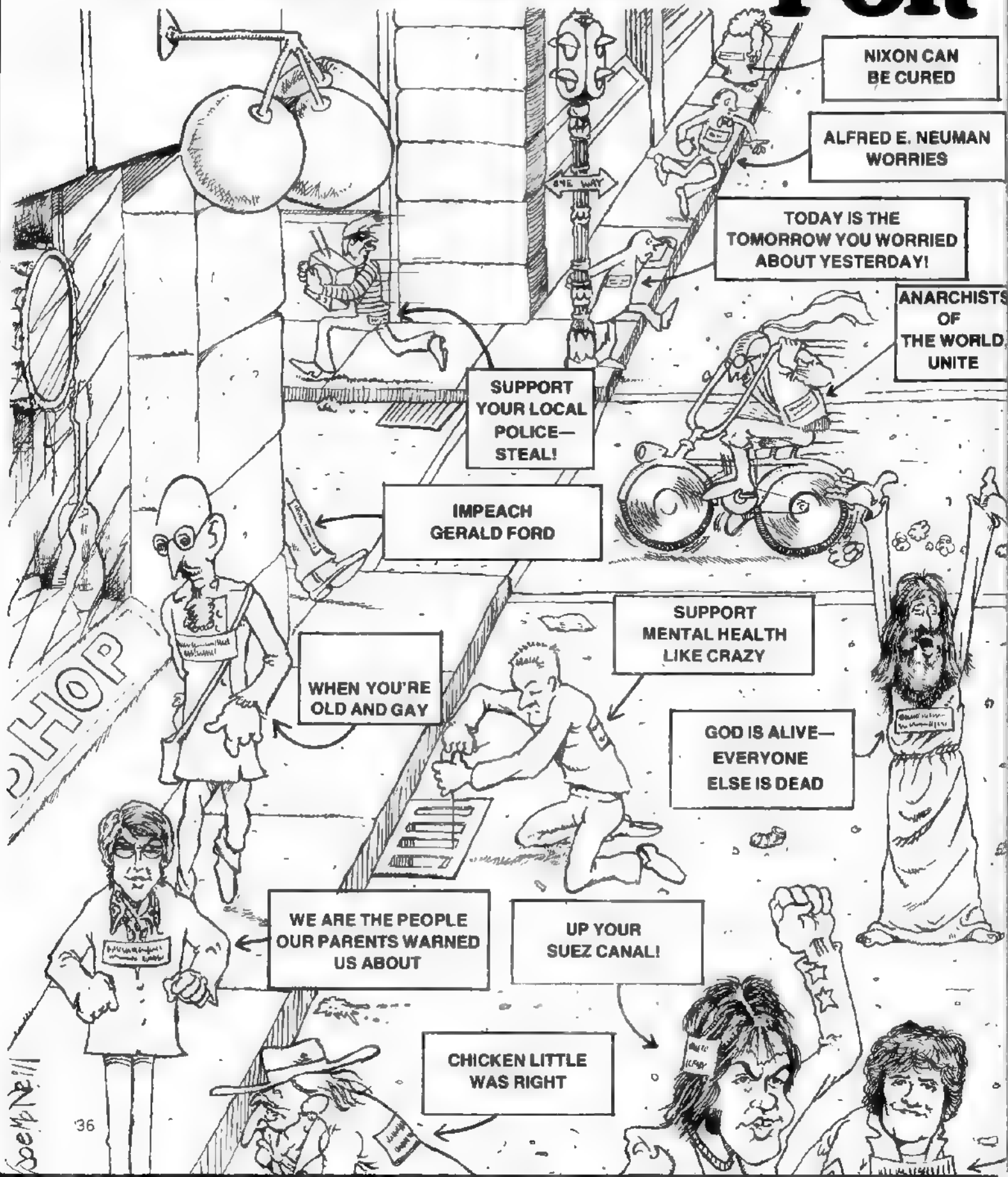
—Alfred E. Neuman
New York City

MASON REESE IS A 37-YEAR-OLD MIDGET



Bumper stickers are the big rage today. Trouble is, they're only seen on bumpers. Now we ask you—why should a car be the only vehicle to get these messages across? Why shouldn't bumper stickers be seen everywhere? Mainly, why shouldn't people wear bumper stickers?

BUMPER FOR

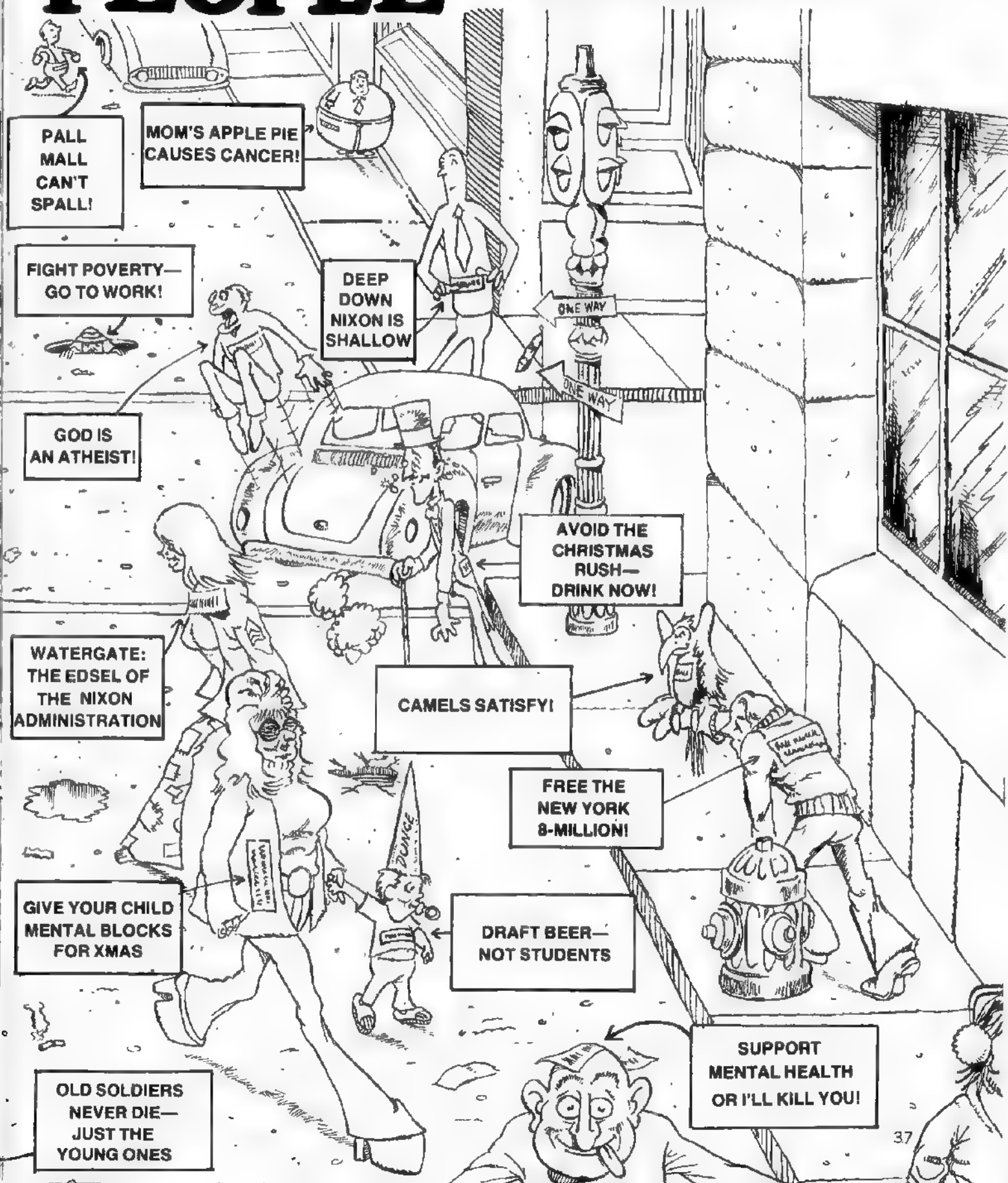


STICKERS PEOPLE

Script by: Aron Mayer

Art by: Joe McNeill

(Next Issue: People stickers for bumpers)



Okay, who's the wise guy who put the piranha in the swimming pool?



Listen, Kemo Sabor - very sorry about this but we are fool. With 10,000 war-painted Indians surrounding us - Monto taking no chances.



SHTICKS and STONES

created by MARYLYN IPPOLITO

HAPPINESS CAN'T BUY MONEY!

Uh, look, I'm very sorry but I can't go on that blind date with you. As soon as you walked in, I developed this terrible headache.



Give up, yet?





Daddy, please let me have the next ride on this merry-go-round sitting on top of the horse.

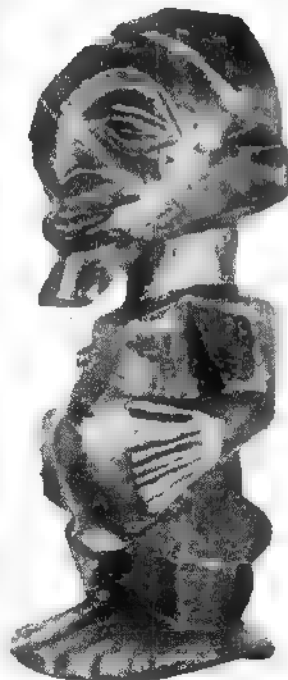


Are you sure Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers started this way?

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY PLAYING SECOND BASE!



Look, Pop, I ain't leaving from under here until that dirty bird leaves first.



If you watched those commercials on T.V. you'd know what's wrong. You don't have ordinary dandruff - your scalp is suffering from the heartbreak of perianals.

WANT TO SWAP: Set of skiis used one time for good pair of crutches. BOX 13J

KOOKY

PRINTING POBLEM? Office forms printed with accuracy and speed error in printing office forms. The printed must There's no margin for get it right the FIRST time shrldu. BOX 86J

KLASSIFIEDS

NOTICE: I have a rooster that crows at 4'o'clock; want to trade him for one that crows at 5 o'clock. BOX 51S

Are you prepared if the President drops in on you for a surprise visit? Every home should have a recording of "Hail To The Chief" at hand. Send for 3.99 1.p today. BOX 73H

PIANO MOVING: If you have a piano to move, take advantage of our expert service and careful handling. Also, kindling wood for sale. BOX 88Y

FOR SALE: Just in time for Christmas, a set of holiday records for the children. Some records are slightly broken . . . slightly broken . . . slightly broken . . . BOX 76D

Gentleman, 79, old-age pensioner, would like to meet lady of suitable age, object matrimony; have some means—can finance honeymoon and funeral expenses. BOX 39W

FOR SALE: 24-foot boat, with two bailing pumps and large tin can; may be seen by appointment; bring diving mask. BOX 26E

TRANSLATION EDITOR. Author, available for translations Latvian into Icelandic, Icelandic into Latvian. Also available to moonlight on espionage jobs. BOX 82F

LOST: Tan leather wallet containing pictures, identification, personal papers and \$200 in cash. Finder may keep the pictures, identification, personal papers and wallet, but I have a sentimental attachment to the money. BOX 46C

WANT TO SWAP: White wedding gown, size 14, never used, for .38 revolver; BOX 74D

AVAILABLE: Catalogue of carefully selected dervishes for instant whirling. BOX 76F

HELP WANTED: Insurance-investigators to appraise the damage in the Watts area of Los Angeles; steady work; permanent career job; inquire Watts Chamber of Commerce or write BOX 49L

I am no longer responsible for my wife Zelda's debts seeing as how she has left my bed, bored. BOX 43Q

AYE, THERE'S THE RUBE!

In the last issue of SICK, we presented artist RUBE GOLDBERG's invention of the SIMPLIFIED FLY SWATTER. This time out, we feature another of his wacky concoctions, namely

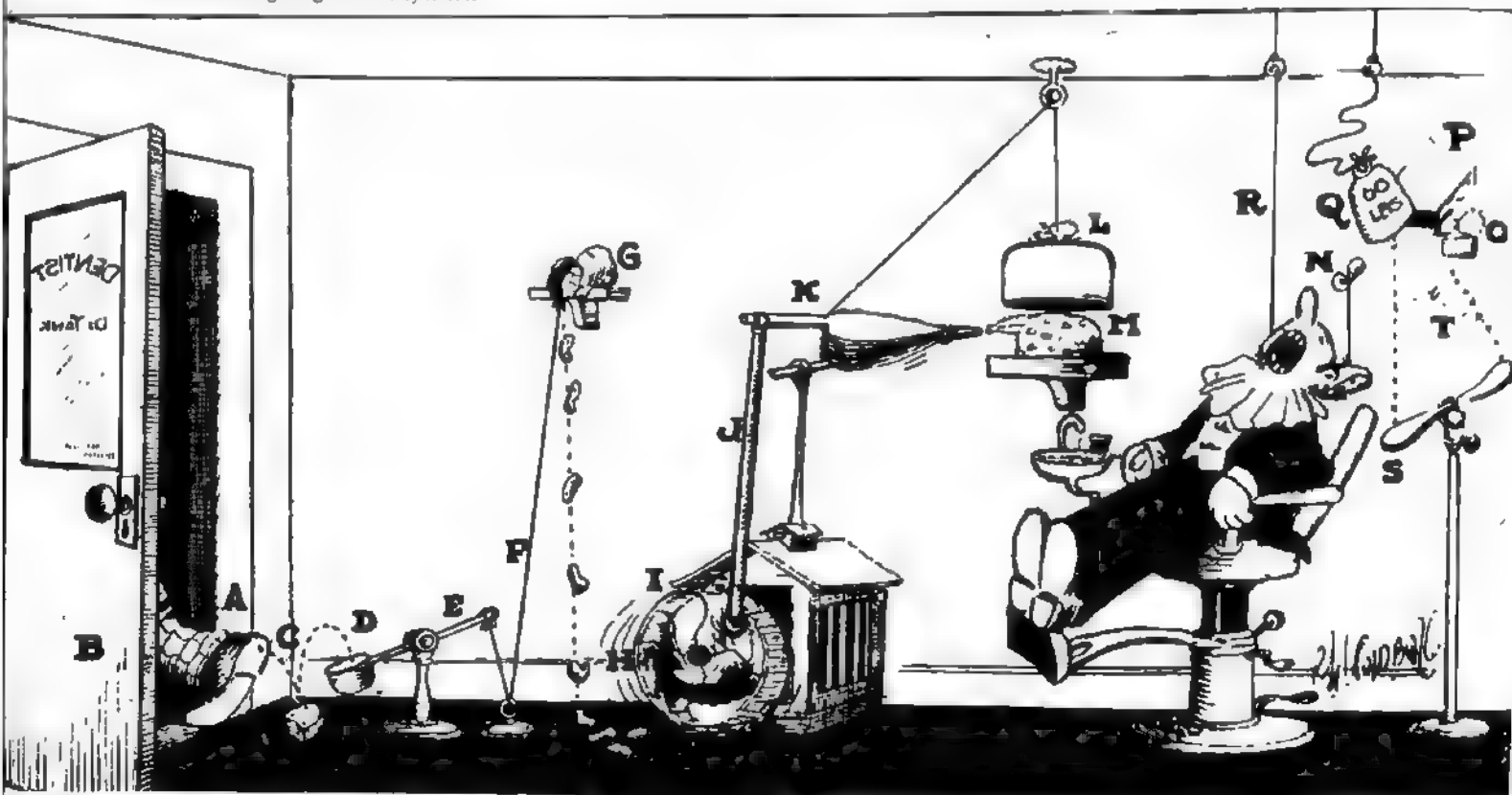
THE PAINLESS TOOTH EXTRACTOR

AN INVENTION BY
RUBE GOLDBERG

The World's Zaniest Comic Artist

PROFESSOR BUTTS EVOLVES HIS LATEST PAINLESS TOOTH-EXTRACTOR. IN A STATE OF SCIENTIFIC DELIRIUM, DENTIST (A) RUSHES OUT OF DOOR (B) INTO STOCK BROKER'S OFFICE NEXT DOOR TO SEE WHAT CONSOLIDATED BOLONEY IS DOING. IN HIS HASTE HE LOSES RUBBER HEEL (C) WHICH BOUNCES INTO CUP (D), UPSETTING BAG OF PEANUTS (E). SQUIRREL (F) REVOLVES CAGE (I) IN MAD ATTEMPT TO GRAB PEANUTS AND CAUSES PISTON (J) TO WORK BELLOWS (K) MOTION OF BELLOW LIFTS COVER (L) AND AT THE SAME TIME BLOWS FUMES OF PATIENT, KNOCKING CHEESE COLD. VIBRATIONS OF HIS HEAD WHILE SNORING CAUSE STRING (N) TO PULL DELICATE PROP (O) FROM UNDER SHELF (P) AND SUDDEN DROP OF WEIGHT (Q) RESULTS IN WIRE (R) PULLING TOOTH (S) TO TOSS GLASS OF WATER (T) INTO PATIENT'S FACE TO REVIVE HIM. IF HE HAS NOT REVIVED WHEN THE DENTIST COMES BACK THREE DAYS LATER, THE GRAND JURY WILL HAVE TO DECIDE WHO IS TO BE TRIED FOR MURDER, THE DENTIST OR THE MAN WHO SOLD HIM THE LIMBURGER CHEESE.

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WATCH FOR ANOTHER HILARIOUS INVENTION IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SICK!

**Tomb
it may
concern:**

Since the nation's gone on an honesty kick with "truth-in-advertising" and "truth-in-packaging," why not go *all the way* and have truthful *tombstones*, like the following epitaphs.

CONSERVE ENERGY—LIE IN BED ALL DAY

Ralph Raider, Ecologist
"Against pollution!"
You had stated.
That's why you're here
And not cremated.

Joe Slick, Politician
Here he lies
& lies
& lies

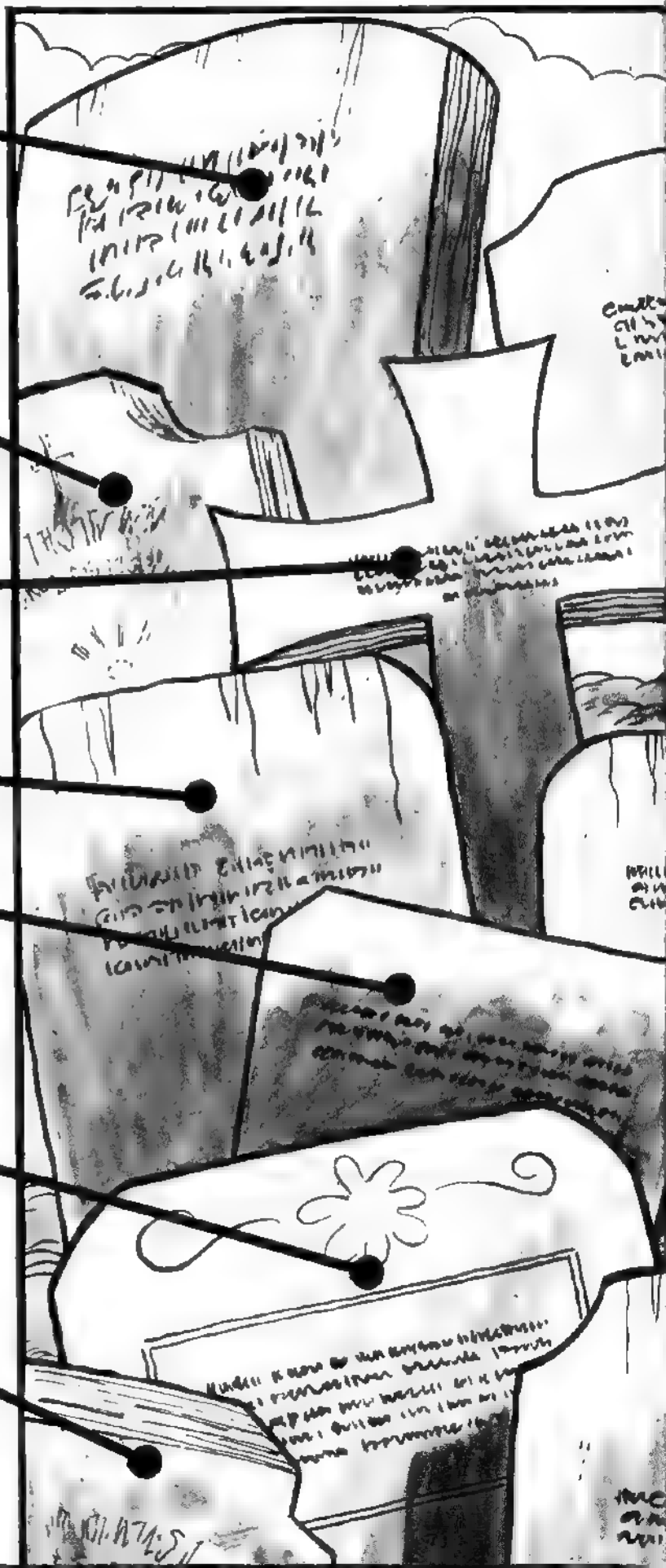
Timothy Tripp, Travel Agent
Knowing him, he's gone to
a warm climate.

I. Doubt-It, Atheist
All dressed up—and no place to go.

Hans Clinker, Swiss Banker
It may not be a numbered box,
but it's the best we can do.

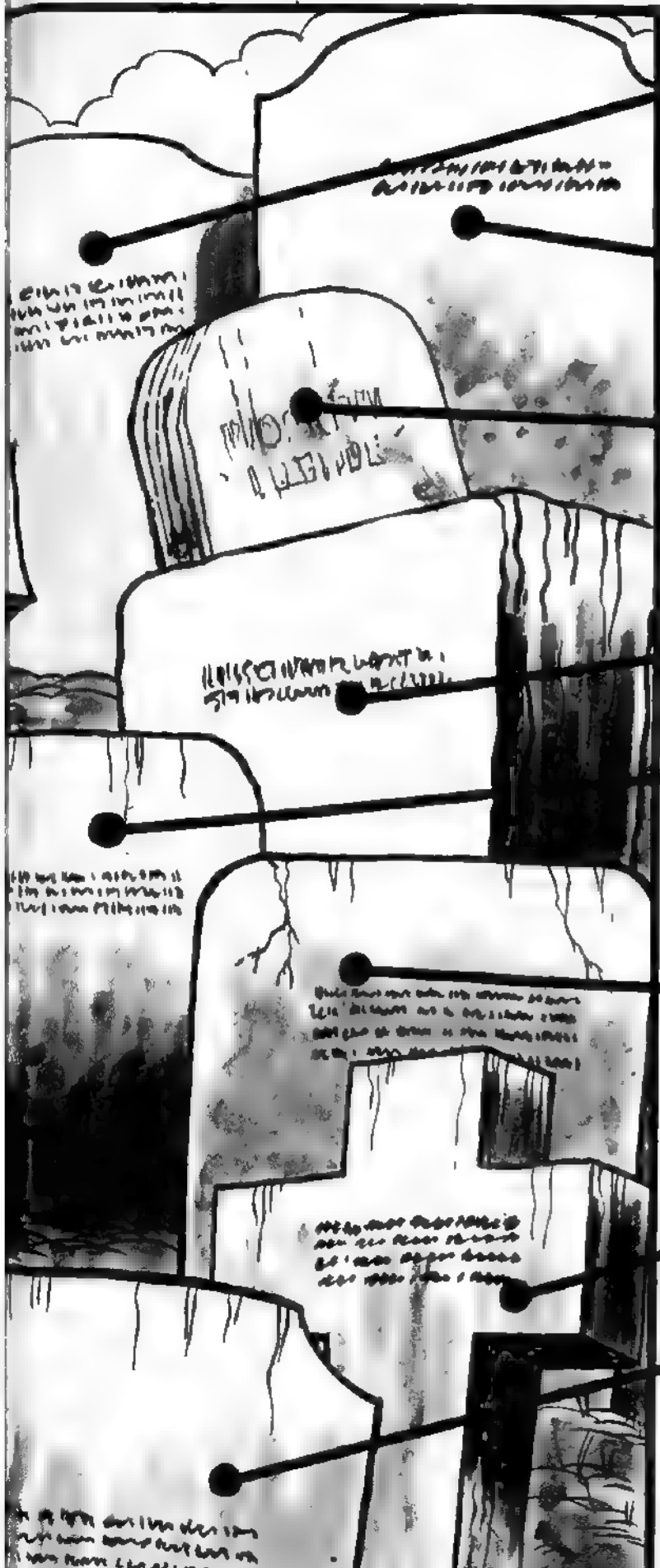
Ronald Rummy, Drunkard
No change—he's still stiff.

I.M. Shyster, Lawyer
He chased ambulances all his
life—then he got hit by
one.



GRAVE HUMOR

Script by FRED WOLFE
Art by JOHN LANGTON



Clod Hopper, Shoe Salesman
God rest his sole.

Wendy Wings, Sky-Diver
You were so brave.
You were so cute.
Till you forgot
Your parachute.

J. Parry Thrust, Fencing Expert
He finally got the point.

Karl Klutz, High-Wire Artist
Next time, watch your step.

Daniel Dare, Demolitions Expert
It took one slip.
Just one bad blunder
And now you're planted
Six feet under.

Sam Spade, Gravedigger
He was always a down-to-earth guy.

Seymour Snorkel, Skindiver
This is one time he can't
come up for air.

Cloak N. Dagger, Secret Agent
Now He's really gone underground.

HERE'S OUR VERSION OF A MOVIE THAT KEEPS RETURNING TO NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRES ALL THE TIME. THIS IS BECAUSE PEOPLE STILL CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT. IT'S A MOVIE SO FAR OUT AND SO OBSCURE, THAT WE CALL IT...

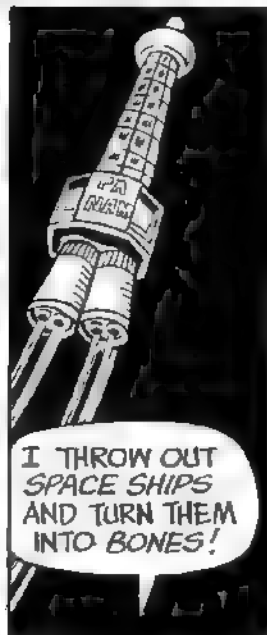
2001 1/2: A SPACE ODDITY!

SCRIPT BY: PAUL PLUTO LAIKIN
ART BY: TONY MILKY WAY TALLARICO

THE MOVIE OPENS IN PREHISTORIC TIMES AS A GROUP OF OUR APE-LIKE ANCESTORS FIND A MYSTERIOUS MONOLITH IN THEIR MIDSTS...

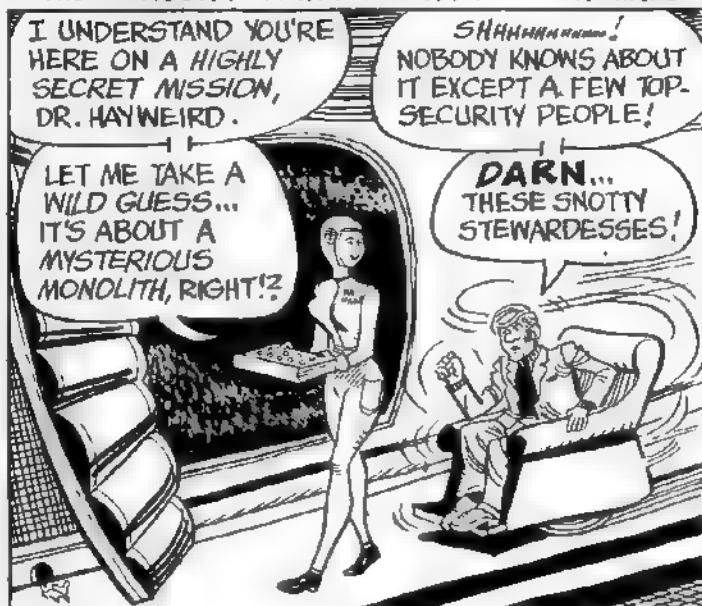


THE NEXT SCENE TAKES PLACE ON A GIANT SPACESHIP...



HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM—AFTER THEY'VE SEEN PARITY?

THE REASON FOR THIS FLIGHT IS SOON MADE KNOWN...



I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE HERE ON A **HIGHLY SECRET MISSION**, DR. HAYWEIRD.

LET ME TAKE A **WILD GUESS...** IT'S ABOUT A **MYSTERIOUS MONOLITH**, RIGHT?!

SHHHHHH! NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT IT EXCEPT A FEW TOP-SECURITY PEOPLE!

DARN... THESE SNOTTY STEWARDESSES!



BY THE WAY, STEWARDESS... I HAVE TO MAKE A PHONE CALL. HOW DO I GO ABOUT IT?

YES!... WHAT'S A **BUTTON**?

SIMPLE! JUST PRESS THE **DIGITAL COMPUTER** BUTTON ON THE **AERO-DYNAMIC GENERATOR** AND WAIT FOR A **LASER-BEAM SIGNAL!** ANY OTHER QUESTIONS?



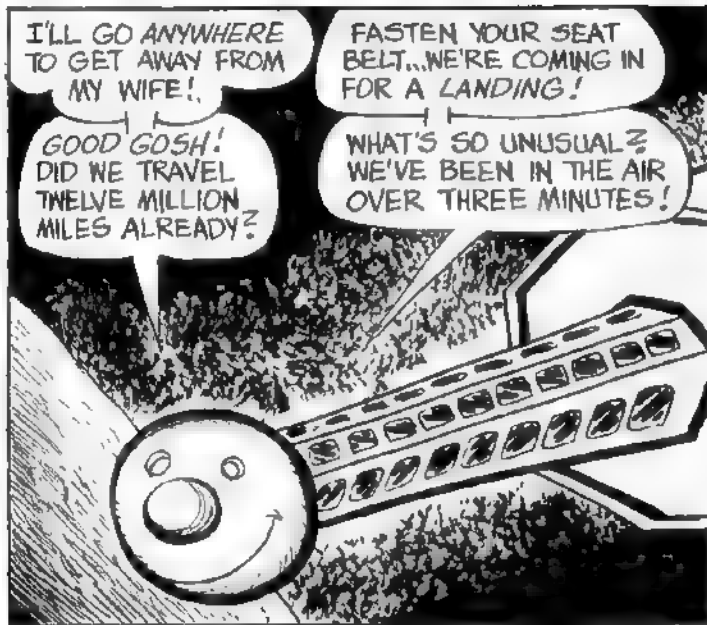
HELLO, DEAR, I WON'T BE HOME FOR DINNER TONIGHT... I'M WORKING LATE AT THE SPACESHIP!

ALL RIGHT... BUT I DON'T CARE WHAT TIME YOU FINISH... I WANT YOU HOME TO SLEEP!

BUT I'M 24 LIGHT YEARS AWAY!

SO TAKE THE EXPRESS-WAY... I'LL LEAVE A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW!

DEPOSIT \$8,342.25 FOR THE NEXT 3 MINUTES, PLEASE.



I'LL GO ANYWHERE TO GET AWAY FROM MY WIFE!

FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELT... WE'RE COMING IN FOR A **LANDING!**

GOOD GOSH! DID WE TRAVEL TWELVE MILLION MILES ALREADY?

WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL? WE'VE BEEN IN THE AIR OVER THREE MINUTES!

AFTER LANDING, DR. HAYWEIRD ADDRESSES A GROUP OF SCIENTISTS...



THE **MYSTERIOUS MONOLITH** MUST BE KEPT SECRET OR THERE'D BE A **PANIC**. TO SHOW YOU HOW SERIOUS IT IS, AS A COVER STORY WE'RE TELLING EVERYBODY IT'S ONLY THE **BLACK PLAGUE!**

MY COLLEAGUES AND I ARE NOW GOING OUT TO INVESTIGATE IT. UNTIL WE GET BACK, DON'T TELL ANYBODY ABOUT IT. NOT YOUR FRIENDS, YOUR WIVES, YOUR AGENTS, **NOBODY!** ABOVE ALL... DON'T TELL **RONA BARRETT!**

ZZZZ

THE ACTOR THAT PLAYED DR. HAYWEIRD MUST'VE GOTTEN SICK... OR HIS PART!

I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS IN THIS FILM!

SOON WE FIND OUR GROUP STUDYING THE MYSTERIOUS MONOLITH...



IT'S UNLIKE ANYTHING I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE. IT LOOKS LIKE A ZILCHMATRON!

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? I TOLD YOU I NEVER SAW ONE BEFORE!

WHAT'S A ZILCHMATRON?

EH-H... IF YOU'VE SEEN ONE MYSTERIOUS MONOLITH, YOU'VE SEEN 'EM ALL!

WISH I HAD A BONE TO THROW UP!

STOP ACTING LIKE AN APE... THIS IS THE THIRD PAGE AND WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT NUTTY MONOLITH IS!

IT IS NOW MANY MOONS LATER ON A FLIGHT INTO SPACE...



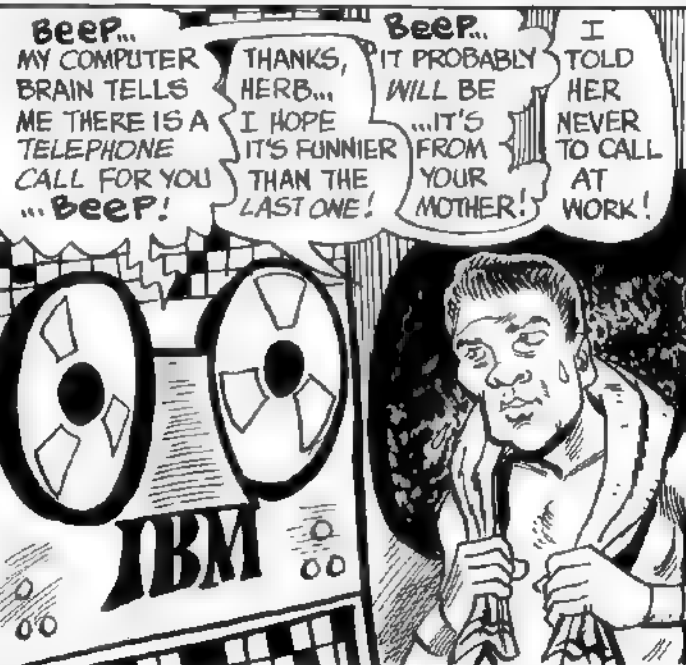
FLY ME TO THE EARTH AND LET ME PLAY AMONG THE STARS...

KNOCK IT OFF ALREADY, I'M GETTING NAUSEOUS! "IMAGINE, LOCKED IN A SPACESHIP WITH A HEALTH NUT!"

AND WORSE YET HAVING ANOTHER TRAVELING COMPANION... A HUMAN-LIKE COMPUTER NAMED HERB!

Beep... CORRECTION "I AM NOT HUMAN-LIKE. I AM HUMAN!" Beep!

SO HOW COME I NEVER SAW YOU WITH A GIRL?



Beep... MY COMPUTER BRAIN TELLS ME THERE IS A TELEPHONE CALL FOR YOU... Beep!

THANKS, HERB... I HOPE IT'S FUNNIER THAN THE LAST ONE!

Beep... IT PROBABLY WILL BE... IT'S FROM YOUR MOTHER!

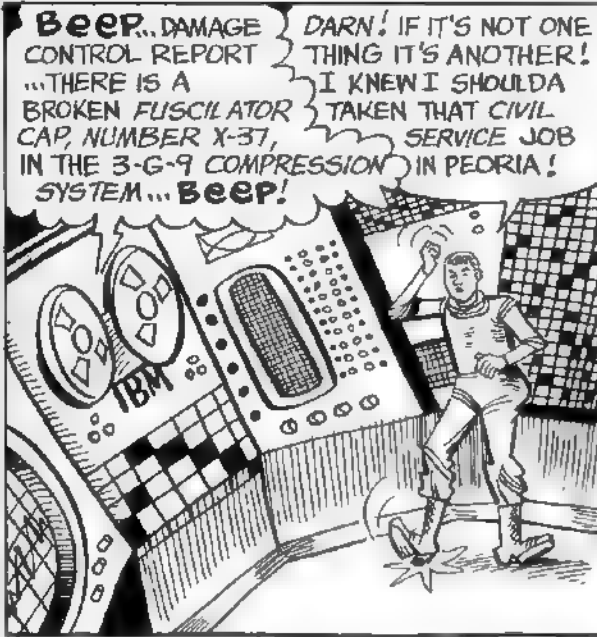
I TOLD HER NEVER TO CALL AT WORK!



HELLO, SON, I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU THAT SINCE YOU'RE TRAVELING A LOT IN SPACE, YOU SHOULD CALL HOME FROM EACH STATION AND ASK FOR YOURSELF SO I KNOW YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

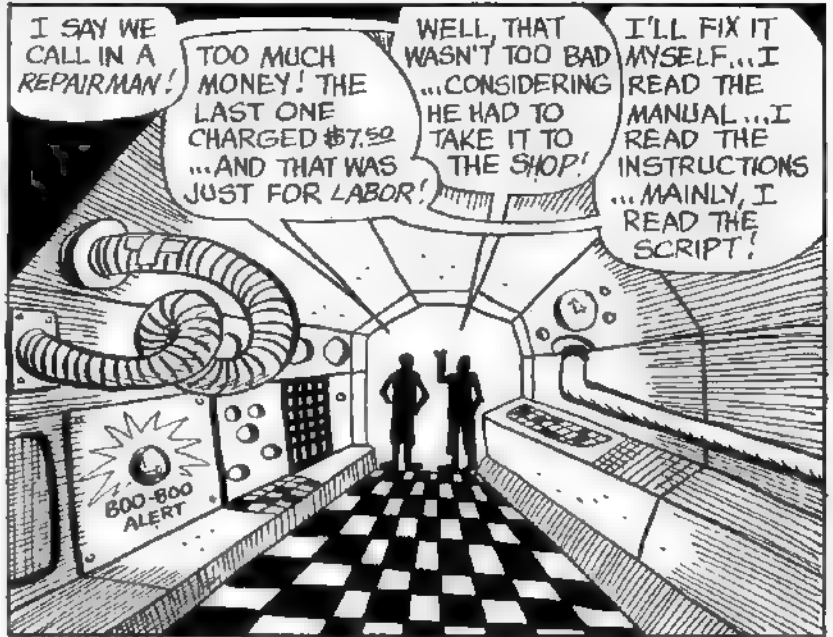
O.K., MOM... ANYTHING ELSE?

YES... CALL AFTER SIX, THE RATES ARE CHEAPER!



Beep... DAMAGE CONTROL REPORT ...THERE IS A BROKEN FUSILATOR CAP, NUMBER X-37, IN THE 3-G-9 COMPRESSION SYSTEM... **Beep!**

DARN! IF IT'S NOT ONE THING IT'S ANOTHER! I KNEW I SHOULD'A TAKEN THAT CIVIL SERVICE JOB IN PEORIA!



I SAY WE CALL IN A REPAIRMAN!

TOO MUCH MONEY! THE LAST ONE CHARGED \$7.50 ...AND THAT WAS JUST FOR LABOR!

WELL, THAT WASN'T TOO BAD ...CONSIDERING HE HAD TO TAKE IT TO THE SHOP!

I'LL FIX IT MYSELF...I READ THE MANUAL...I READ THE INSTRUCTIONS ...MAINLY, I READ THE SCRIPT!



I DON'T SEE ANYTHING WRONG HERE... HERB MUST'VE FLIPPED HIS LID!

I WON'T SAY ANYTHING TO HIM...YOU KNOW HOW SENSITIVE COMPUTERS ARE ABOUT MISTAKES!

HE'S GETTING TOO OLD...AND IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T STAND IT'S A SENILE COMPUTER!

KLUNK! KLUNK! KLUNK!



HERB IS USELESS TO US NOW... WE HAVE TO DISCONNECT HIM!

HOW DO WE DO THAT?

WE RELEASE THE Z-96 MECHANISM IN THE MAGNETIC MANUAL C.C.!

WHAT IS THAT IN PLAIN ENGLISH?

WE PULL OUT HIS PLUG!



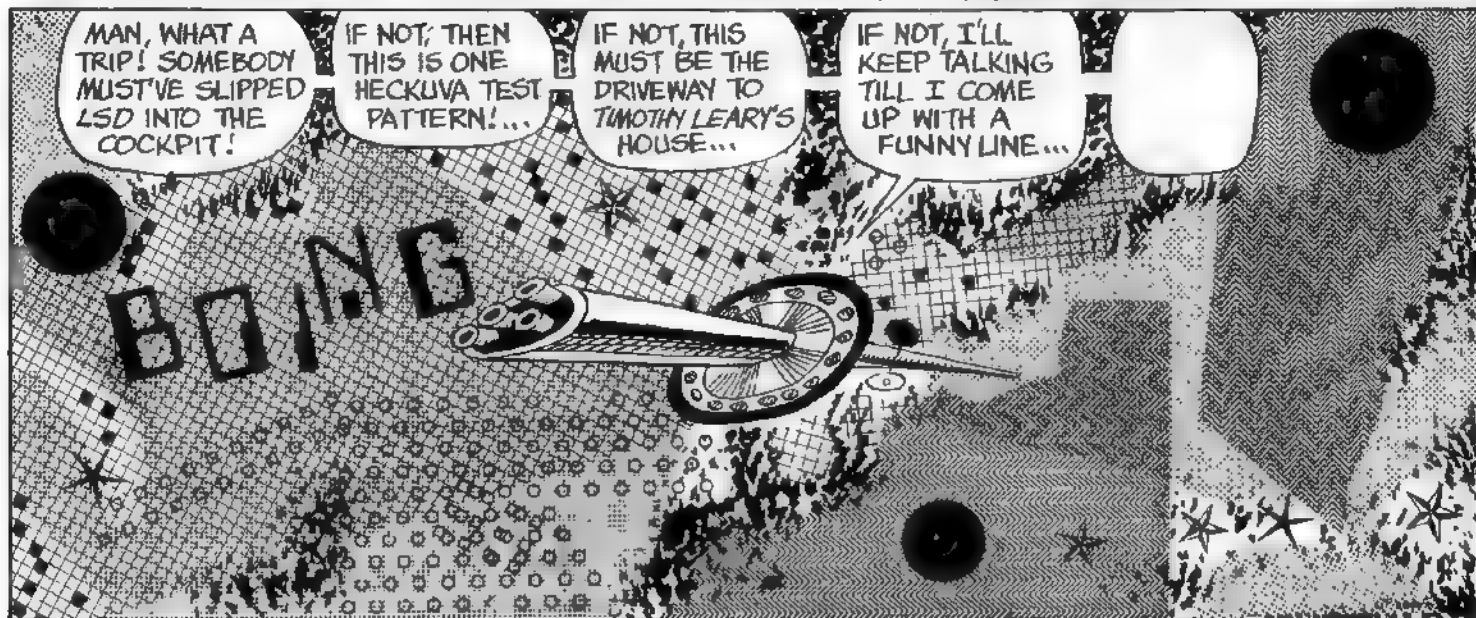
Beep... YOU ARE GOING TO DISCONNECT ME... **Beep!**

THAT'S RIGHT! I FORGOT...YOU KNOW EVERYTHING. WELL THEN, ANY LAST REQUESTS?

Beep... YES, ONE. BEFORE I GO I SHOULD LIKE TO SING TWO CHORUSES OF DAISY, DAISY... **Beep, Beep!** ♪ DAI-SY ♪ ...DAI-SY ♪ ♪ GIVE ME YOUR ANSWER ♪ DO...OOO...OT...OOGH-H!

EH-H! "HE WAS A LOUSY SINGER ANYWAY!"

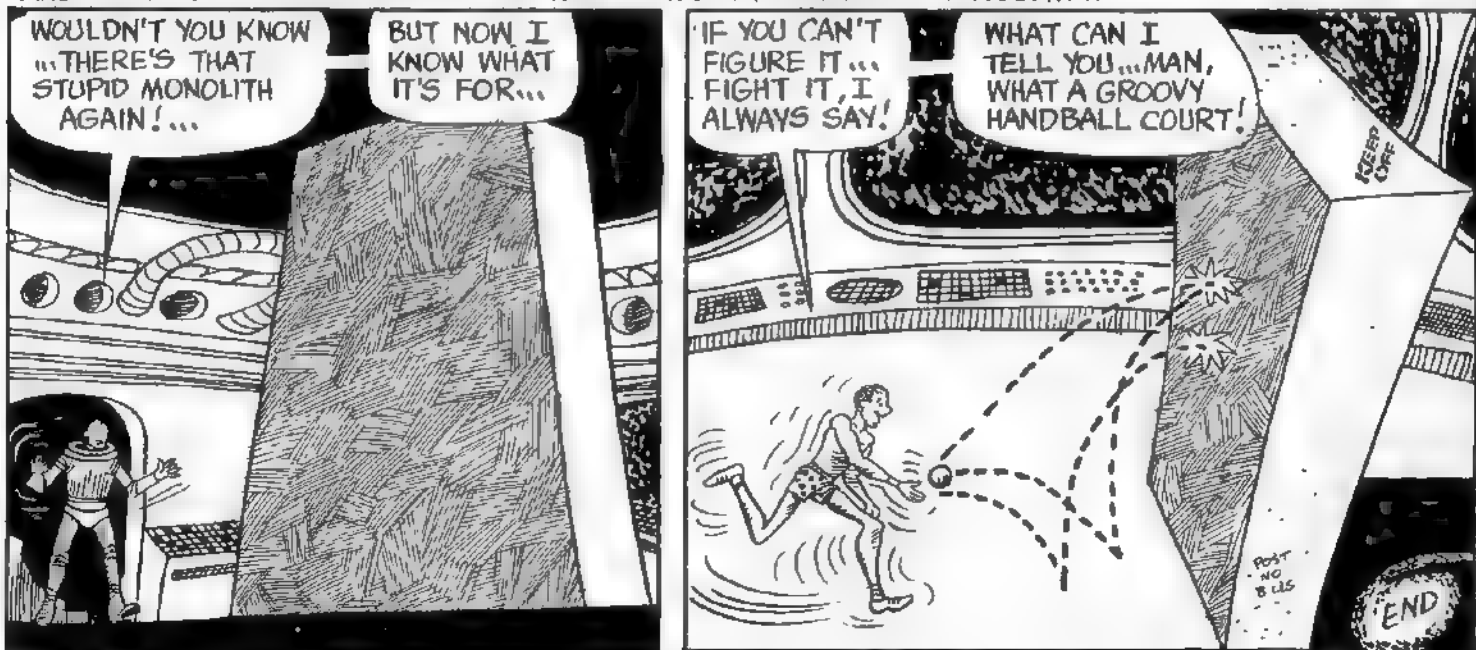
THE SPACESHIP NOW ZOOMS THRU A SKY OF INCREDIBLE PSYCHEDELIC COLORS...



SOMETIME LATER WE GAZE UPON A FANTASTICALLY UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT...



AND FINALLY WE COME ACROSS THE VERY SAME MYSTERIOUS MONOLITH...

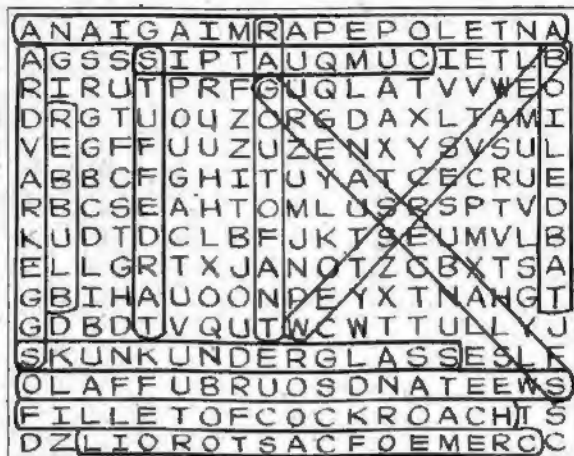


KILROY WAS A STAY-AT-HOME!

ANSWERS TO SICK-STYLE HUNT-A-WORD PUZZLES

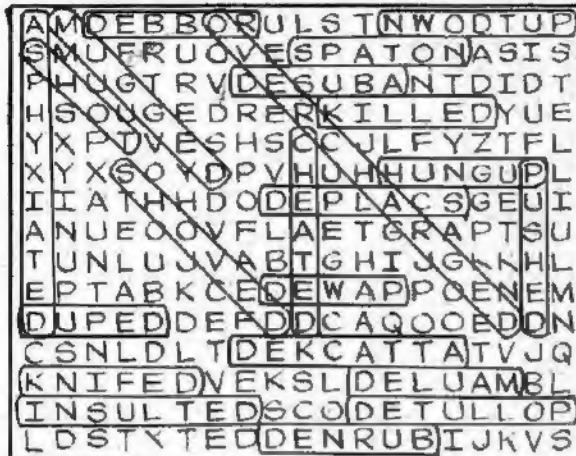
(see page 12)

**FREAKY
FOODS**

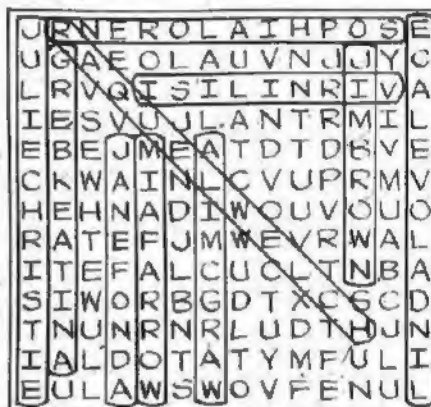


SOLOMON WAS A WISE GUY!

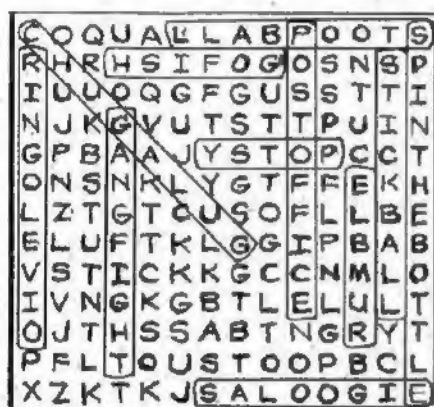
**VISITING
FUN CITY**



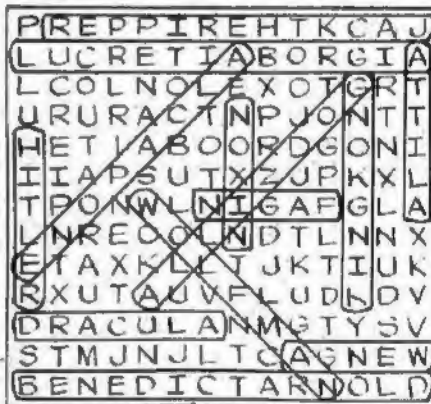
**HEAVENLY
BODIES**



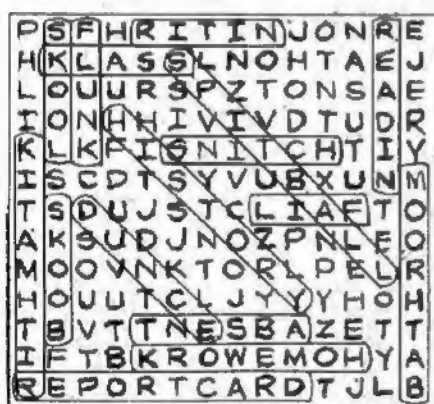
**GAMES
PEOPLE
PLAY**



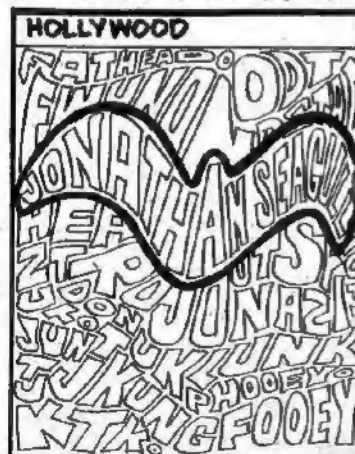
**NICE GUYS
FINISH LAST**



**CLASSROOM
CAPERS**



SICKS MYSTERY PHRASE GAMES



SICK as it seems... *by* LANGTON



HORTENSE VON EPPS

a Park Avenue
Society Matron
OWNS 9 MINKS,
5 SABLES,
3 CHINCHILLAS
and a
PERSIAN
LAMB!

(Her house
is full of animals
... but she goes
around in a
CLOTH COAT!)

WASSERMAN WAS A TEST-TUBE BABY!



Peeping Tom neighbors revealed:
**BEETHOVEN PLAYED THE
PIANO BY EAR !!!**
(No wonder the dumbkopf
went deaf!)



At the age of 19
**PHYLLIS
DILLER**
walked off with
the top prize at a
HOLLYWOOD
BEAUTY
CONTEST!

(The judges caught her
and made her put it back!)



CLYDE SNODGRASS

...a Detroit inventor
crossed a St. Bernard with a mule
...so the brandy it brings you has
an added KICK to it!

SICK AS IT SEEMS:
WATERBEDS in the area
of SANTA BARBARA are
developing OIL SLICKS!

[illegible]

WORST WORLD

... WHERE
NOTHING ...



CAN POSSIBLY ...



«STARRING»

GHOU BRYNNER

Huckleberry Fink